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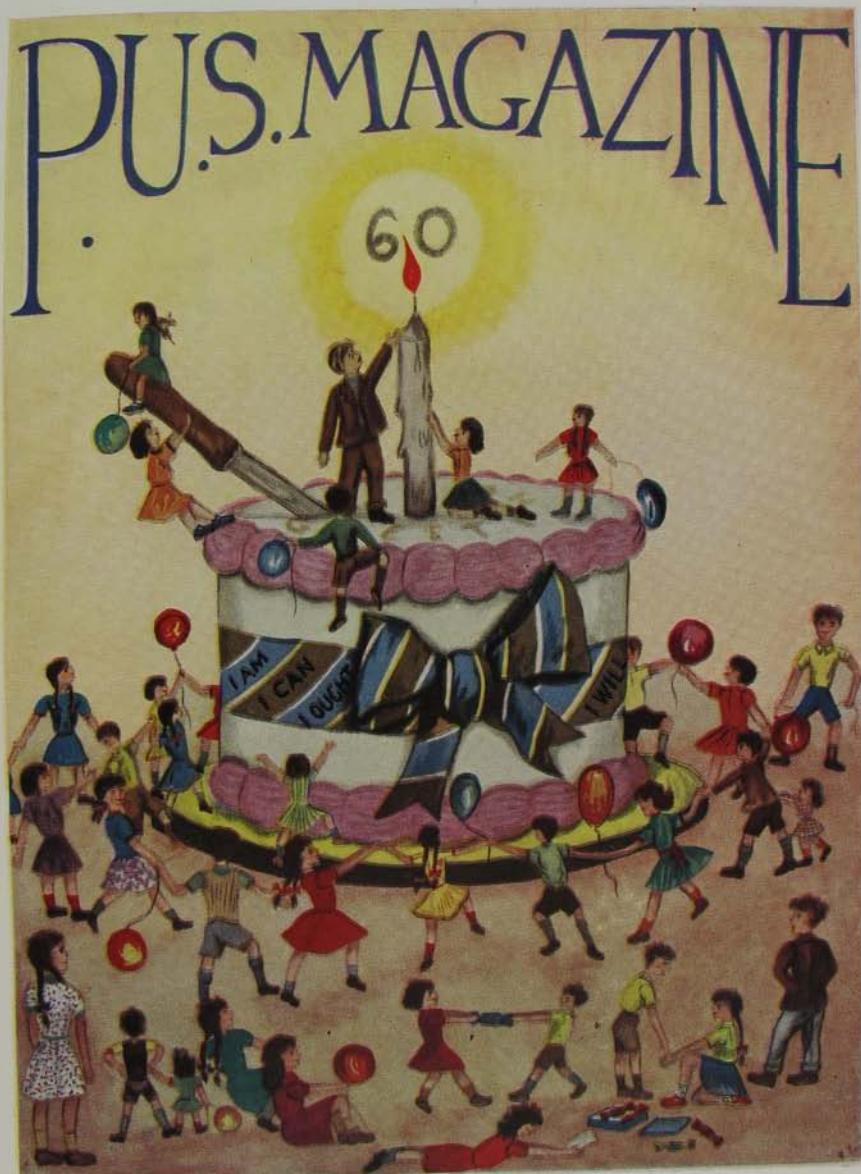


1891-1951

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CHARLOTTE MASON COLLEGE
AMBLESIDE

PARENTS' UNION SCHOOL
DIAMOND JUBILEE MAGAZINE
1891-1951



Cover Design for P.U.S. Jubilee Magazine, designed, drawn and painted by
ELIZABETH JACKSON, aged 11 (Home Schoolroom).

PARENTS' UNION SCHOOL
DIAMOND JUBILEE MAGAZINE
1891-1951

Edited by
ELIZABETH L. MOLYNEUX
Director Parents' Union School

PARENTS' UNION SCHOOL
AMBLESIDE
WESTMORLAND

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THE PARENTS' UNION SCHOOL

1891—1951

by the Hon. Mrs. Franklin, C.B.E.

(Hon. Secretary of P.N.E.U. and Chairman of Charlotte Mason Foundation)

AFTER CHARLOTTE MASON had published her *Home Education* she was approached by earnest-minded parents and asked to form the Parents' National Educational Union. Sixty years ago there were no magazine articles, lectures or radio talks to help those in whose hands was the training and teaching of the child. 'How shall we order the child?' was echoed along the ages in many a mother's heart since Manoah first uttered the cry. Many mistakes were made, battles of will, nagging, spoiling (which can be brought about by over-severity as well as over-indulgence) were all too usual in spite of love and earnest endeavour. Charlotte Mason put the psychological teaching of the day, often to be found only in heavy and difficult tomes, into language which all could understand, and added her own interpretation of the laws of habit formation, inspiration of ideas, and the ways of reason and of will.

Three years after the Union was formed Charlotte Mason founded the 'Parents' Review School', as it was then called. She felt, and parents felt, that they needed additional help in the training and teaching of their children according to the methods and principles of education that she was spreading far and wide through the P.N.E.U. Many British children were being taught in their homes but their schoolroom life was not always happy. Most mothers seldom attempted to do

more than teach the three 'R's and governesses, being untrained and often with little understanding or love for children, became bad-tempered, objected to being asked questions and, even when taking children for walks, were known to make the children keep in step with them, so little did they realise the needs of childhood.

Charlotte Mason had a deeply-rooted love for children. In her personal relations with her friends' children and those she met in the village there was a reverence and courtesy which one recalls as one of the most beautiful experiences in life. Her sense of humour, too, helped her to understand children and she knew that if they were to grow and develop all their innate powers they must be given ideas to nourish their minds as food nourished their bodies. They must, as she said, establish relations with God and man, the past and present, with science, art, music and nature: they must run and skip and swim and play and all these 'musts' she taught the parents through her writings and lectures. She gave parents the beautiful motto: 'Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life', and to the children their inspiring challenge: 'I am, I can, I ought, I will', which my readers know so well.

Hers was a unique school, Miss Mason herself was the principal, and the teachers were parent, aunt, friend or governess.

The pupils very soon numbered thousands, working in schoolrooms differing much from each other, in rectories, in farmhouses, in country houses scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland, in the Dominions and in the Embassies all over the world. These children learnt to feel that they were part of a big school united by the best foundation for friendship — a mutual approach to what is most worthwhile in life, a kindred appreciation of the beautiful and true in literature, science, nature, art and music. What a delightful programme! No more dull text-books, no more lists of capes and bays and rivers, no more rows of dates and words to spell. When Miss Mason was herself a child she learned geography out of a book called *Cornwall's Geography*; I had that book, too — full of lists and facts, but at the bottom of each page in tiny print were notes on the character of the country, flora, fauna, etc. Miss Mason determined to give her pupils books written by men and women who knew these countries, who in fact put the notes at the top and made one live in one's imagination in the countries described; then the names of the rivers and bays would fall naturally into place. Similarly a delightful approach was suggested to other subjects through books of literary value which were arresting and stimulating. Thus she opened the door and windows to realms of knowledge through which the children could wander, then and now and forever. Of her methods of using such books and the consequent training in concentration and attention this is not the place to speak.

She showed the parents how they could give the children the joy of creation, of making things, of painting, of listening to good music, of wandering out and learn-

ing the secrets of nature. This was unusual sixty years ago. Her influence has permeated thought, and bird-watching and flower-hunting are now a universal joy. The happiness of achievement came to parents and teachers and children alike when at the end of the term the examination papers arrived with questions set to find out what the children *knew*, not what they *did not know*, and the task of answering was a pleasant, not a dreaded one.

Charlotte Mason eliminated from the first the spirit of competition: the marks and remarks on the answers sent up showed a relation to the standard set *not* as between one child and another. Later on when schools of various kinds became members of the P.U.S. her influence inspired teachers with the confidence that children would form habits of work without the stimulus of marks, places and prizes. She taught us that one natural desire replaced another and that the desire of excelling could not be co-existent with the desire for knowledge.

There was great satisfaction, too, for the anxious pioneer parents when boys entering their prep. and public schools did as well as their fellows, showing powers of attention and concentration that helped them all through life. We were told by one public schoolmaster that he could pick out a P.N.E.U. boy right through his school life. Such encouragement was very helpful at the beginning of our movement.

The home-schoolroom naturally lacked much that the well-equipped school possessed, but Miss Mason helped parents to fill many such deficiencies. She introduced ball-drill and skipping on the programmes and later, when Sir Robert Baden-Powell brought out his book on *Scouting for*

Soldiers, she, ever on the look-out for the best for her pupils, put this book on the programme.

Before I leave the home-schoolroom I must not forget to emphasise what so many parents felt, and still feel, namely, that through its medium their children's inner thoughts were often revealed to them and real friendship established. Who, indeed, are our friends? Not necessarily the people who agree with us but those who care for the same things, who have similar tastes. As the parents travelled with their children in the realms of history and literature, art and science, they grew to understand one another. Family reading, so much encouraged in the P.U.S., leads to talks on many subjects which *should* be discussed between parents and children, but shyness or difficulty in beginning has often prevented it. I hope it is not forgotten that our Union is a parents', not a mothers', union and that many fathers have helped in the teaching of their children and often shared the joy of entering a new field of knowledge. I can recall being told by one father that he had continued the study of geology and become a real enthusiast after having been introduced to the subject by reading with his little boy the P.U.S. book on fossils and shells.

En passant, were you, my younger readers, not thrilled and proud when His Majesty the King in his Christmas broadcast referred to *The Pilgrim's Progress* and deplored how few read that great classic now. We are not among those to whom it is unknown — it is one of the school books in Form I.

The P.U.S. was not to remain only in home-schoolrooms. In 1892 I started the first class for children. I wrote a letter to

The Parents' Review emphasising the fact that, though we all valued the programme, examination papers and guidance of the P.U.S., still children needed companionship, and asking for names of those who would like to join a P.U.S. school if we founded one. We had a gymnasium built in Linden Gardens, and Miss E. C. Allen, the first teacher, needs no introduction to any of you. Then came Miss Faunce's first class at my sister's house, leading to the great school which she, and now Miss Lambert, have run for over forty years.

Before this, two Quaker ladies, the Misses Gardner of Yorkshire, having admitted to their school girls who had been taught in home-schoolrooms of the P.U.S. and, being impressed by their habits of work, powers of concentration and love of knowledge, asked to be allowed to enrol their school in the P.U.S. They later moved on to Buckhurst Hill, Essex, where Miss Wakefield's successful school is their descendant.

So far the P.U.S. methods were considered suitable for girls, but people wondered about boys. A friend of mine, Mr. Underhill, who was about to start a school in Kent and who had always been rather suspicious with regard to Charlotte Mason's teaching as presented to him through me, was persuaded to come to hear her speak at a meeting organised at my parents' house in Kensington Palace Gardens. As he came away, entirely won over by Charlotte Mason's philosophy, humility and inspiration, he said, 'I take off my hat to Miss Mason. I should be proud to be allowed to work under her.' He then engaged a 'House of Education' student and put his lower forms into the P.U.S.

A great joy came to Charlotte Mason when the P.N.E.U. decided to print and publish her pamphlet on *A Liberal Education for All*, which they circulated to all the educational committees of the country. Most of the authorities ignored it, but Mr. Household, Secretary for Education for Gloucestershire, read this pamphlet with thoughtful interest, went to see Charlotte Mason and decided to try her methods in five schools. After these five he never had to ask a principal to adopt them, he was bombarded with requests when other principals of schools saw what refreshing and real education the P.U.S. gave their children.

I remember sitting on a village seat in Gloucestershire during a school holiday and being surrounded by little children. I asked them what subjects they liked best and one started sharing with me her love for and knowledge of *The Voyages of Ulysses*. We all like to share what we value (I am trying to share with you now my experience of early days). Another little maiden said, 'I love Fra Angelico's pictures.' One cannot help feeling that her daily chores in later life would have become far less burdensome when she had the pictures of Fra Angelico's clouds and colours in her mind.

Following her principle of embodying in her programmes of work the best that she could find, Miss Mason rejoiced when a member of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Whitaker Thompson, introduced to her notice the Perry pictures, inexpensive reproductions of Old Masters which she suggested should be used for picture-study. This was followed by beautiful reproductions prepared by Mr. Mansell and since his death we have had those prepared by the Medici Society. Picture-study in the

way Charlotte Mason introduced it is still a unique feature of our school and many children will echo the young man's exclamation when seeing Carpaccio's 'St. Ursula' in Venice: 'I learnt to know and love that in the P.U.S. — God bless it!'

Similarly, when staying with Mrs. Robert Bridges, a P.U.S. mother, Charlotte Mason saw her beautiful script writing adapted from Italian MSS. She persuaded her to publish *A New Hand-writing* and adopted it for the P.U.S., a great revolution from copybook writing and the fore-runner of reform in hand-writing.

I need not tell you what must be familiar to you all, of the feeling of loss which seemed to penetrate the whole educational world when Charlotte Mason died in 1923. There was, thank God, no real interruption in the continued growth and development of the P.U.S. Miss Mason had nominated Miss Elsie Kitching as Director of the School. She was indeed a true follower and disciple and, with her long training as Charlotte Mason's secretary and friend, and her own mental grasp of the principles underlying the whole work, parents and children alike still received help, inspiration and guidance. Two years ago she resigned in order to write the life of our Founder. In the hands of Elizabeth Molyneux we know that the future is safe and that our work will grow from strength to strength.

Charlotte Mason's best memorial was, and is, in the lives of her pupils, but still we felt that a tangible memorial should be organised. There was a general feeling in the outside world that Charlotte Mason methods were good 'for little children.' The Misses Goode had created a wonderful school at Burgess Hill, where the girls

remained to take their university and professional examinations, but there seemed a demand for a girls' public school with the amenities of large grounds, laboratories, playing fields, such as were now general in the country. It was therefore decided that the memorial to Charlotte Mason should take the form of a company, the Charlotte Mason Schools Company, which should found a school combining the amenities of an ordinary girls' public school with P.N.E.U. methods. The response in the way of applications for shares was most encouraging, and Overstone was purchased. Mrs. Esslemont (Principal) and Miss Wix (Head Mistress) both resigned important and lucrative posts to create this great school, which has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday.

One outcome of Overstone was the fact that I was invited by the mother of a former pupil to start a P.N.E.U. school at Estoril, in Portugal, which flourished and was subsequently taken over by the government. Henrietta Bucknall, an early pupil, is now a student at Charlotte Mason College.

To complete the story of our School, after the war, in memory of the boys of members who had fallen and in gratitude for those who survived, a company was formed to establish a boys' preparatory school, Desmoor, Ewhurst. The greatest credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Perkin for having overcome the early difficulties of such an undertaking. They have sent on boys to their public schools who show that a P.N.E.U. prep. school can well prepare them for the future. Perhaps our successors will see fit to complete the chain by founding a Senior Co-education P.N.E.U. School.

And now to pass to some of the other activities in connection with the Parents'

Union School—our Natural History Clubs. An exhibition was held at 50 Porchester Terrace in 1895, when the house was still empty of furniture, another in Reading under the guidance of Mrs. Hart Davis, Charlotte Mason's great friend and supporter. How interesting it is in this connection to think of Charlotte Mason's joy in noting the return of the first migrant and spotting the first wild flower on her afternoon drives! Her emphasis on an understanding of nature was very new then. It has had an influence on homes through the country, and now we are all thrilled when we hear on the B.B.C., for example, that the avocet is again breeding in this country after a hundred years' absence. Bird-watching and bird-lore have become the natural delight of hundreds. How well, too, I remember the scorn with which my 'sticks' were looked on when I brought them home from Ambleside to flower in my vases here, and now we are offered them on every barrow. How much joy, great and small, we owe to her! In travelling over the country and visiting home-schoolrooms and small classes or schools I could tell as I entered the hall that this was a P.N.E.U. atmosphere—twigs in vases, bowls of moss, etc., old master reproductions on the walls—Charlotte Mason was there in spirit.

We are celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Parents' Union School with a gathering here in London. We have had other gatherings at Canterbury, Whitby, Reading, Bournemouth, London—and musical festivals as well in these last towns—and last, in 1936, at Ambleside, the memory of which may be fresh in the minds of some of you.

A word on these musical festivals. Mrs. Howard Glover was, one may say, the originator of the idea of musical appre-

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ciation. She wrote to the *Parents' Review* urging that children's musical education should not be limited to their own efforts at learning an instrument, but that they should be trained to hear and enjoy music, to become good listeners. Charlotte Mason induced her to prepare a programme of composers' work each term, and her son Cedric continued this helpful activity. He also arranged that P.N.E.U. schools should meet and sing together, their orchestras play before an adjudicator — one is proud to remember that Sir John Barbarolli was one of these. How delighted we all were when one of the L.C.C. schools, using a P.U.S. programme, was judged to have

the best orchestra, in spite of cheap violins, and received the delightful reproduction of an Italian picture presented by Mrs. Howard Glover.

Home-schoolroom children in London also had fun in reading together the Shakespeare play of the term and sharing musical appreciation classes. Nature rambles in the parks were arranged for nannies (for there were nannies then) so that they too could recognise the trees in winter and spring and greet the first flower on the elm tree — with joy. Yes, 'Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life,' and our dear Founder helped us to realise this in our homes and schools.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISS MASON TO CHILDREN ATTENDING GATHERINGS

My Dear Children,

(To Winchester in 1912)

... It is a delightful thing about this School of yours that the Scholars love their books; I know, because every post brings me a letter from someone to say so, and, besides, I can tell by the way you answer your examination questions. When all the papers reach me I often say, 'This is a very happy week for me'; I am happy because your papers show me that you have had a delightful term's work and that you *love knowledge*.

I think that is a joyful thing to be said about anybody, that he loves knowledge; there are so many interesting and delightful things to be known that the person

who loves knowledge cannot very well be dull; indoors and out of doors there are a thousand interesting things to know and to know better.

There is a saying of King Alfred's that I like to apply to our School — 'I have found a door,' he says. That is just what I hope your School is to you — a door opening into a great palace of art and knowledge in which there are many chambers all opening into gardens or field paths, forest or hills. One chamber entered through a beautiful Gothic archway, is labelled 'Bible Knowledge,' and there the Scholar finds goodness as well as knowledge, as indeed he does in many others of the fair chambers. You see that doorway with much curious lettering?



CHARLOTTE M. MASON

History is within, and that is, I think, an especially delightful chamber. But it would take too long to investigate all these pleasant places, and, indeed, you could label a good many of the doorways from the headings on your term's programme.

But you will remember that the School is only a 'Door' to let you in to the goodly House of Knowledge, but I hope you will go in and out and live there all your lives—in one pleasant chamber and another; for the really rich people are they who have the entry to this goodly House, and who never let King Alfred's 'Door' rust on its hinges, no not all through their lives, even when they are very old people.

I have a great hope for all you dear Scholars of the P.U.S.; other people always know what we care about, and I hope the world will be a little the better because you love knowledge, and have learnt to think fair, just thoughts about things, and to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven in which is all that is beautiful, good and happy-making.

* * * *

(To London in 1915)

It is a great pleasure to me to greet you again assembled in a *visible* School. I was going to say actual instead of visible, but I recollected in time that you *are* an actual school bound to each other by delightful ties and with a strong *esprit de corps*.

I heard the other day of some girls who had a House of Education governess going to make acquaintance with other girls who were taught in the same way. Said one haughty little person, 'One thing I do know; I shall not say one single word about school or lessons!' The governesses were amused, because the children of the

two families had not been five minutes together before they began an eager discussion about their favourite passages, personages, pictures, birds, flowers, all the thousand and one things that make school hours delightful.

Then, too, as a school, you do not forget. I heard last week of a boy of fifteen who had distinguished himself in literature, gaining a scholarship at his Public School. His father asked him when he began to care for books. 'Oh,' he said, 'when I was in the P.U.S.' Now that was surprising, and encouraging to children in Class II, because when he was a little fellow of eight it had become necessary to send him to a Preparatory School, which does not belong to the P.U.S., and yet he believed that the work he had done there put him in the way of getting his scholarship. I suppose he meant that he had learned to love books and to pay perfect attention to what he read or listened to . . .

I have to tell you very earnestly that two of the greatest tasks before us are in the hands of children. First, because the English people of the future must not be ignorant and proud and greedy of money, it rests with the children of the present to read wise books, to learn to think wise thoughts, in order that they may be gentle and dutiful and of a sound understanding. These things you do in your School. The second is even a greater task, and all we older people will have reason to be grateful to you if you perform it steadily. You must say your prayers, such wise-hearted loving prayers, so earnestly offered, that God will certainly hear and answer them generously and wonderfully; in this way a single child may bring down blessing on the whole nation . . .

(To Whitby in 1920)

Let me repeat the welcome that you received at Winchester in the words of Izaak Walton, that wise fisherman, who gathered wisdom while he waited for the trout to rise:

'I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave Divine say that God has two dwellings; one in Heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar; and so you are welcome.'

Some of you may still have the card with this motto among your treasures, but all of you, I know, have brought the meek and thankful heart that Izaak Walton desired for himself and his Scholar; meek, because we shall be thinking about great persons in a place touched with the magic of holy and serviceable lives; about the work in stone and on parchment of famous men and women of old, and of the wonders of sea and sky and earth; of tales told by the very rocks, all uniting in a chorus: 'The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done his marvellous works that they ought to be had in remembrance.'

Let us remember that the works of men indirectly, and the work of Nature, directly, are the great and marvellous works of God. Thinking of these things,

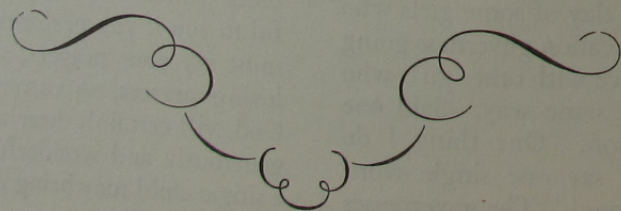
we shall be meek and very ready to learn, and so we shall find out that 'the meek shall inherit the earth,' for those things that we love and delight in are far more truly ours than the things so easily spoilt, which money can buy.

A famous schoolmaster was asked by his boys to explain that saying of our Lord's about the meek, and he said: 'Napoleon thought he inherited the earth by force of arms, and he died on Elba. Wordsworth had no such proud thoughts, but he *did* inherit the earth; all the Lake country and much of the world besides belongs to him still.'

I am, always your loving friend,

(Signed) CHARLOTTE M. MASON

In 1951 some of us are going to be fortunate enough to again meet together, this time in London to celebrate the Sixtieth Birthday of the P.U.S., which was founded by Miss Mason in 1891. You will see from the programmes which are reproduced here that in those days it was called the Parents' Review School. Changes and progress have been made but the love of knowledge of which Miss Mason speaks is still the link bringing us together, not only in our Jubilee Gathering and this magazine, but also in our work; that is why I think we may use the words of our founder to greet the P.U.S. in 1951.



PARENTS' REVIEW SCHOOL.

Year Ending July 31st, 1892.

First Term:

Holidays, August and one week of October.

Pupils' Names

1st Class. Programme for First Term.

To recite beautifully and perfectly three poems, three hymns, a parable, and a psalm.

To know six stories from the Life of Abraham (Gen. xii to xx).

To know six stories from the first six chapters of St. Mark.

To add and subtract numbers up to 20, with counters, dominoes, etc.

To make figures up to 10—a fortnight to be given to the mastery of each figure.

To add little sums, where the answer comes to less than 10, thus $2+3+4$.

To subtract units from units, thus $8-3$.

To work out and learn the multiplication table up to $3 \times 12 = 36$.

To sing one French song; and to do Tonic Sol-fa Lessons in P.R.

To do six Calisthenic or Swedish exercises.

To be able to copy from a book in simplest print characters, thus, A B C D E F G, etc.

To make good firm strokes and pothooks.

To read 500 words. (See lessons in P.R. for August, 1891).

*To be able to tell six stories of Saxon times.

*To be able to tell six Greek stories.

To be able to tell all about ten living creatures.

*To mount in scrap-book six wild flowers, with leaves; to know their names, and whether they grow in field or hedge or marsh.

To know forty French names of things; twenty little French phrases.

*Three little pieces of work, knitting, cross-stitch, and (boys and girls) sewing. Wild flowers, work, kindergarten work, etc., to be sent in for inspection at the end of the term.

*Listening to stories, mounting flowers, modelling in clay, etc., do not fall in lesson time.

PARENTS' REVIEW SCHOOL:

Year Ending July 31st, 1892.

First Term:

Holidays, August and one week in October.

Pupils.....

2nd Class. Programme for First Term.

BIBLE LESSONS.—History of Abraham, Genesis XII-XX.
Gospel of S. Mark, I-VI.

RECITATION.—One hundred lines of Poetry (one poem or more), forty Bible verses (one or more Psalms, and one or more Parables).

FRENCH.—To recite 400 words (40 lines) of a French story.
To be able to form other sentences with these words.

SWEDISH DRILL OR CALISTHENICS.—Twelve exercises.

LATIN.—The first two Declensions.

ENGLISH HISTORY.—Twelve narratives from English history before A.D. 700.

GREEK HISTORY.—Twelve narratives from Plutarch's "Lives."

GEOGRAPHY.—To draw plan of room or garden, know the points of the compass, understand "parallels" and "meridians," and, generally, the meaning of a map.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—To be able to pick out nouns, verbs, and adjectives in a given paragraph.

SINGING.—Two French songs, and the Sol-fa lessons which will appear in the P.R.

COPY BOOKS.—Two perfectly written lines every day.

DICTATION.—Twenty pages of a story book to be prepared.

DRAWING.—Twenty drawings, first from copy, then from objects (simple outlines).

NATURAL HISTORY.—Twenty animals (using the word in the widest sense). Twenty plants or parts of plants—mounted specimens.

ARITHMETIC.—Books must show definite progress from week to week. At the end of the term the teacher must specify what has been learned during the term.

COMPOSITION to give place to narration. Children to narrate the substance of lessons in clear connected way.

WORK.—Kettle holder or knitted scarf; twelve objects in clay (see P.R. for June) or other handiworks. Doll's pinafore, from girls (all hemmed).

All written work, sums and handiwork to be sent in for inspection.

Parents' Review School.

Second Year ending July 31st, 1893.

First Term.

CLASS IIIa PROGRAMME.

BIBLE LESSONS.—History of Joseph. Gen. xxxvii to end, suitable parts, with "Dwellers on the Nile."

St. Mark xiii to end, with "Galilee in the time of Christ."

RECITATIONS.—150 lines of poetry. Cowper's "Winter Evening's Walk." 60 Bible verses from Isaiah, a Gospel, and an Epistle.

FRENCH.—"First Lessons in French," by Courthope Bowen. Lessons xvii to xxiv to be recited. Words to be classified (as in Grammar chapter, p. 30). Other sentences to be formed with the words. Six fables from *La Fontaine* to be learned, parsed, etc. The regular conjugations, simple tenses.

LATIN.—The declensions, adjectives, and pronouns.

ENGLISH HISTORY.—The period from A.D. 1154 to A.D. 1272.

GREEK HISTORY.—Plutarch's "Life of Lyscurgus," suitable parts.

GEOGRAPHY.—The six southern counties of England. General survey of Europe (London Geographical Readers: Stanford). England, Book iii. Europe, opening chapters of Book iv.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—To parse from "Winter Evening's Walk." To analyse simple sentences.

SINGING.—Three French songs; three English songs. "Ten minutes' Lessons" in Sol-fa (Curwen & Son, Warwick Lane, E.C.)

WRITING.—Jackson's Copy-books, Numbers v and x (Sampson Low & Co). Two perfectly written lines every day.

SPELLING.—Macaulay's "Essay on Warren Hastings," to be prepared, two pages at a time, and written from memory as nearly as may be in the words of the Author. (Cassell's Sixpenny Library).

DRAWING.—Ten drawings from objects, shaded. Six drawings in water-colours.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.—Dr. Schofield's "Physiology for Schools." 1st or 2nd stage.

BOTANY.—Collect, dry, name, and describe 30 fruits (i.e. seed vessels) with leaves. Chapter on fruits in Oliver's Elementary Botany (Macmillan).

ARITHMETIC.—Examination should show what has been learned during the time.

EUCLID.—State number of problems.

COMPOSITION.—To write a good *précis* of any lesson; a descriptive essay.

WORK.—To make garment, with good sewing, smocking, and button holes. Construct three toys, and make three useful articles, not sewn.

Any three of the above subjects may be omitted in the case of children just removed from Class IIb., or of Children who find the work difficult.

Fees payable in advance.

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'A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME'

by Maud Marsden

(Vice-Principal, Parents' Union School)

TERM BY TERM and year by year for sixty years the children of the Parents' Union School have set out together in a great company to make discoveries in the realm of knowledge, guided by the plans contained in the programmes begun by Charlotte Mason. Would you like to make a journey, in the imagination, to see something of the places in Ambleside from which the programmes have come?

If you approach from the south, your way will lead by the shining expanse of Windermere; around the head of the lake rise the mountains, some still streaked with snow, but soon to be clothed in their green summer dress, till the autumn reddens the bracken and sets the lower slopes aglow, as their mantle of beech, birch, larch or cherry brightens before it fades to the delicate greys and russets of the winter tree-tops. Across the hills flit the shadows of the clouds; often the tops are veiled in mist, or you may happen upon a day when all is blotted out by a wet grey curtain, for Westmorland weather is uncertain of mood.

As you near the head of Windermere, your ears may catch the tramp of Roman hob-nailed boots echoing down the centuries, for here may still be seen the foundation stones of the Roman fort of Galava. Soon you will reach the grey-walled village which takes its name of 'Ambleside,' we think, from the first Norse settler Amal, and his *saetr* or sheep-pasture. Every April from his day to ours has filled the air with the calling of the lambs. Ambleside itself can hardly lay claim to beauty, though some of the older cottages have a sturdy character of their own, with their thick stone walls, unpre-

tentious and solid. But you will find no spot from which you cannot lift up your eyes unto the hills, and as you come to the end of the village a stream runs by the side of the busy main road. Here, if you turn your back on the traffic and lean over the mossy wall, you may sometimes see the flicker of a trout or watch a pied wagtail running over the stones.

But we must hasten on our way to find some houses which have played a part in the history of the Parents' Union School, and soon we come to a line of houses now forming part of Fairfield Practising School. The first, now known as The Annexe, was for a short time the home of Charlotte Mason and her first students when she founded her college in 1892, and from here some early P.U.S. programmes were sent out. The last of these houses, Springfield, was the one to which she soon moved and where she carried on her work for some time. Now turn back along the road, and you will see, opposite Fairfield, a grassy slope, yellow in spring with daffodils, sweeping up to Scale How (now the Charlotte Mason College). This is the house where Charlotte Mason made her home until her death in 1923; here she conducted the Parents' Union School, trained her students, wrote her books, edited the *Parents' Review*, and carried on a lively correspondence with parents and teachers all over the world. Behind Scale How stands a stately group of guardian trees, and higher up you may catch a glimpse of Hill Top, now the junior boarding house of the Practising School, and near it the house once called Belle Vue where Charlotte Mason used to stay with her friend Mrs. Fleming before she settled permanently in

Ambleside, and from which the very earliest P.U.S. programme was sent out in 1891. Half-way down the slope you will see the Beehive, the junior school house, and at the foot stands Low Nook, where the Parents' Union School, under its Director, Miss Molyneux, is now housed. If you take a peep through the wide bow window, you may see a pile of new programmes, one of which bears *your* name, or at the gate, you may meet a barrow-load of filled envelopes trundling down to the post on their way to destinations in many countries. Here, too, lives Miss Kitching, for so many years the much-loved Director of the Parents' Union School, now hard at work writing for us the story of Miss Mason's life.

Before you end your journey, you will want to see the printing of the programmes and examination papers. A short climb up a hilly road leads to the older part of Ambleside and to a bridge over the Stock Beck, which you have already met. By the side of the bridge a narrow path will bring you to a long low green building, perched on the very edge of the rocky bank. From the door you may look back to the old mill wheel and to the line of Loughrigg Fell above. If you knock, no one will hear you, for there is a rush of water tumbling over its stony bed, and the rumble of machinery within, but walk in and you may be sure of a courteous and friendly welcome from Mr. Frederic Middleton and his able team of assistants. Here a long and happy association has existed from the early days of the Parents' Union School, for the founder of the business, the late Mr. George Middleton, was a man of wide culture and sympathies, whose personal interest in Charlotte Mason's work and unfailing care in the production of the papers built a tradition continued to the present day by his family and staff. Here

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the programmes which will come to you next term are being printed, and here we will ask Mr. Middleton to speak for himself.

EARLY IN FEBRUARY of this year Miss Molyneux and Miss Marsden walked into our Printing Office and talked to me about the long association my father and I have had, as printers, with Miss Mason and her work, from those distant days when she came to Ambleside, particularly in regard to the P.U.S. Programmes and Examination Papers which we have printed through the years, and she suggested that an account in regard to their production might be an interesting contribution to the Jubilee Magazine.

My father started in business on his own account in the year 1880 in Cheapside, Ambleside, his equipment for the first years being a D. Crown Albion hand press, a Foolsap Folio platen machine and a limited quantity of type. The move to our present stand in North Road would be about 1888 and it would be here that Miss Mason would first discuss her work with my father.

In 1897 a Double Demy Wharfedale printing machine was installed and my father embarked on printing a halfpenny weekly newspaper called the *English Lakes Echo*. This also enabled us to speed up the work for the P.U.S. Instead of printing the papers two pages at a time, we could now print them 16 pages at a time, a complete Programme of eight pages going through the machine in one large sheet.

Looking back at some of the work turned out prior to 1897, I am astonished that it was ever done at all, in addition to Miss Mason's work for the P.U.S. and

College there were quite a number of excellent little books and Guides all about the Lake District, some being quite bulky. In order to deal with these, ten or twelve pages would be set up in type, then the printing would be done two pages at a time. After printing, the type would be put away and more pages would be set up and so on till the book was completed.

I stepped into the picture about mid-way, when the Programmes and Examination Papers, term by term, had become an established feature of our routine, with almost daily visits by a very active and industrious Miss Kitching and an occasional call at the shop door by Miss Mason in her Victoria, who would hand over a proof and explain some alteration she wished to make. Also at this time the practice had started of fixing a date by which all the work on the papers should be completed, known as the posting date. To fulfil this obligation often calls for tremendous efforts by the P.U.S. and ourselves, and it is remarkable how harmoniously this work behind the scenes has run on throughout the years.

Fortunately our early Ledgers have been saved from the scrap-heap and salvage dump and through their dusty pages can be traced the beginnings and growth of both the P.U.S. and the College, which for so many years have gone forward hand-in-hand. Turning to Miss Mason's place in the Ledgers we find that her address is first given as Belle Vue, then Springfield and finally Scale How. The first entry is on October the 8th, 1891, and is for 275 copies of a Large Post Circular, House of Education, 3 pp. matter, 9/6. Perhaps further extracts may be of interest so I give the following: Dec. 3rd, 50 F'cap folio, Entry Form, Candidates H.O.E., 3/-; 100 one page Circulars,

Parents' Review School, Classes I and Ib, 2/-; 100 P.R.S. Examination Regulations, 2/-.

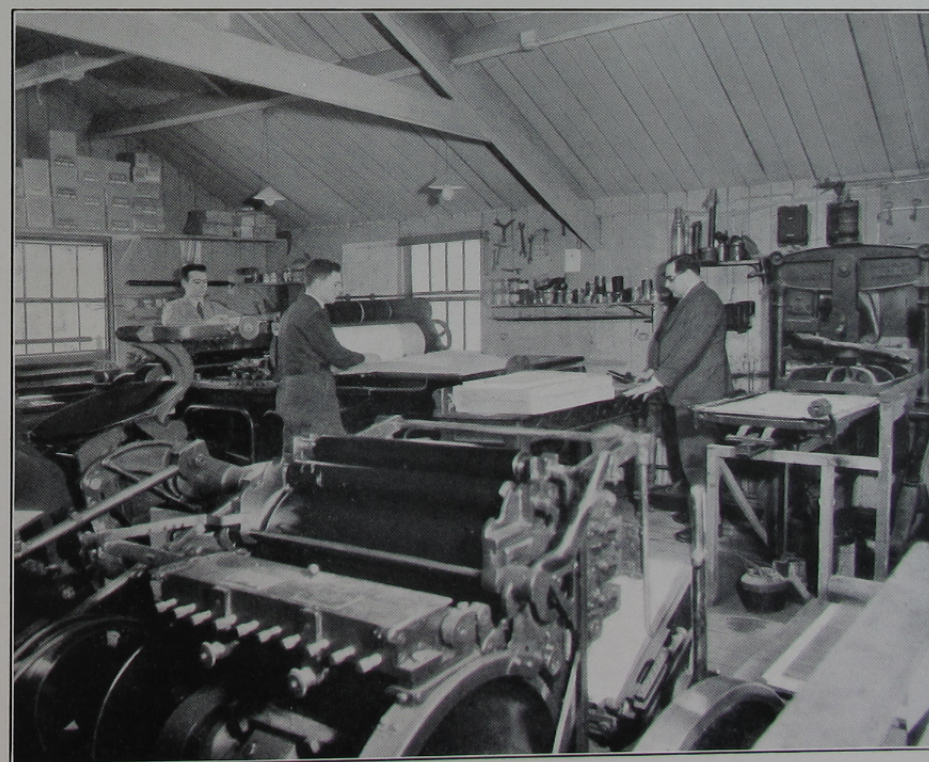
March 1892 appears to have been a very busy month. On different days during the month we printed over 1,500 Circulars for Addresses at Polytechnic and a similar number for Addresses at Hyde Park Court, with 400 Tickets for Two Courses of Lectures, also 100 Circs. Address to Children's Nurses, 2/-, and 500 3 pp. Prospectuses, H.O.E. (2 printings), 12/-. The total for the month's work was £2 7s. 6d. The next entry on April the 16th is very cryptic. It is simply 'Blessed be Drudgery,' 1/3.

On April the 25th, 1891, appears our first entry for the Programmes, being: 100 copies Demy 8vo., 1 page, Prog., 1st Class, Parents' Review School, 2/-; 100 ditto 2nd Class, 2/-. In August 1892 these Programmes appear again with Class IIIA added. Our first entry for Examination Papers is in December of the same year and is for: 100 Exam. Papers, Classes I and Ib (1 page), 3/6; 100 ditto, Classes II and Ib (2 pp.), 7/-; 100 ditto, Class III (2 pp.), 7/-.

In 1907 the title is changed from the Parents' Review School to the Parents' Union School and in 1915 the Classes become Forms and Forms V and VI are added.

In the early 1900's quite a number of set forms had accumulated and were in general use for the P.U.S. To make identification easy a batch of these papers were put together and each given a letter, starting at A. These letters are still in use to-day and appear at the head of the various forms; for instance the Report Forms are N1 and N2.

For the first few years the Programmes consisted of a single sheet and 100 copies for each Class. At the same time papers



were also appearing for the 'Parents' Union Mothers' Course' and in December, 1893, we have the following entry: 100 Mothers' Edl. Course, P.N.E.U., Syll. I, Exam. 2, 2 pp., 6/-, and 100 ditto Syll. II, Exam. 1, 3 pp., 7/6. At this time it almost looks as if the 'Mothers' Educational Course' was stronger than the 'Review School,' but gradually the M.E.C. faded while the Review School grew and waxed strong and to-day the single sheet printed one side has become an eight page Programme and the hundreds have become thousands.

Perhaps the most difficult time in dealing with Miss Mason's work was in the latter years of the first world war. At this time my father was waiting for an operation for cataract of the eyes and our staff was reduced to one man, Mr. Edward Simpson, a grand craftsman of the old school, who would see a job through or die in the attempt. He made a wonderful achievement by dealing with the Programmes and Examination Papers from start to finish all on his own — no, not quite — Miss Kitching stepped into the breach and out of her busy life spared many hours to fold the papers and stitch them with the wire stitching machine. In fact Mr. Simpson told me that he had great difficulty in making Miss Kitching's work stop there. She was very anxious to add to her activities by cutting the edge off the papers in the Guillotine after the folding and stitching was completed, but the risk of cutting more than the paper was too grave a one to take and Mr. Simpson was adamant.

Throughout Miss Mason took the keenest possible interest in all the work, checking, revising and giving the final word before printing. This she kept up to the very last and during the closing days of her life some of the work was held up till

she felt well enough to give her word of approval.

My father died on April 21st, 1927, at the age of 69 years and the work went forward fairly smoothly till the second world war and the printing staff was again reduced to one (besides myself) in Mr. McVity. (Mr. Simpson having retired to live in one of the little cottages in Nook Lane jutting into the College Grounds.)

Hugh McVity was an apprentice who joined us in 1892 and he lived at that time with his parents in the Mechanics Institute, the building with a clock tower in the Market Place built by the Harrisons of Scale How. I wonder if I dare depart a little from the subject of printing and mention another link with the Harrisons of Scale How in the person of Mr. Walter Tyson, who started life as a page boy with that family. Many present day students of the College are welcomed as they step into St. Mary's Church by a smile from a benign gentleman wearing glasses and handed a prayer-book from he who was once a page boy with the family resident at Scale How before it housed the College. Mr. McVity remembered the first work for the P.U.S. and when a young man he left us to carry on the work of his father, who had died, as Billposter and Bell-man. The duty of Bell-man was to go round the town and every now and again to stop and ring a large handbell and then in a loud voice to make an announcement commencing with the words 'Public Notice.'

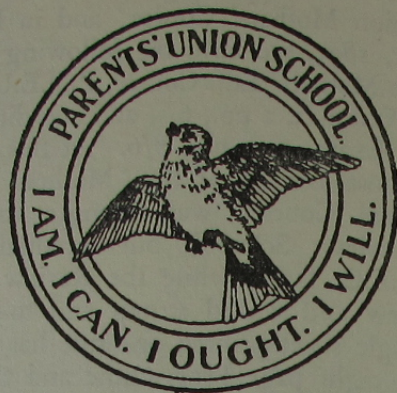
In time this practice died out and he rejoined us in the 1930's and did valuable service till his death in 1948. So Mr. McVity was engaged on Miss Mason's work at the beginning and at the end of his life.

FREDERIC MIDDLETON

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THE BADGE OF THE PARENTS' UNION SCHOOL

by Dorothea Steinthal



NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO one of the children, Eric Bishop, wrote to Miss Mason asking whether it would be possible for the Parents' Union School to have its own badge. In June, 1908, the House of Education Students' Association sent the following letter to the Editor of the *Parents' Review*:

'At a recent meeting of the Students' Association in London much regret was expressed that no action had been taken in regard to a letter from Eric Bishop, long since published in the *Review*, asking whether the children of the Parents' Union School could not adopt a common badge by which they might recognise each other and which would be a tangible proof of their love, loyalty and corporate feeling. Several schools and pupils have since expressed the same wish, and we should be very glad if you would enable us to take concerted action by appealing through the columns to all the children of the Parents' Union School, whether in home schoolrooms or in affiliated schools, to give their ideas and support. At the London meeting several suggestions were made as to the nature of the badge which we submit to be considered by the children themselves.

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It was proposed that it should take the form of a small enamel medal, with possibly a hat-band bearing the same design upon it for the benefit of boys as well as girls.

Whatever "Totem" is chosen the motto of the school must of course be included, "I am, I can, I ought, I will" . . . The most popular suggestion was the lark "True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home" and also the embodiment of that "spirit of delight" which is so often the result of our children's training though not its chief aim . . . However, the children's badge ought to be chosen by the children, and to them through you, we appeal.'

The appeal was made and Miss Mason promised to select the best and most suitable suggestions sent in, the children being guided by some simple regulations about the size and scope of the design. The idea was to be entirely the child's own, but help could be given with the drawing.

These ideas were varied and revealing. A beaver for industry and an arrow for swiftness, three lions for strength and an acorn for endurance and steady growth. A little boy of eight wanted a lily, for 'goodliness,' and two young sisters a river

for 'always going on and never backward.' In one school most of the children wanted a lark, but a few preferred a sparrow because it can be found everywhere; even a Bower of Fortitude was considered 'because you need it being educated'!

The badge was to be oval, oblong, heart-shaped, like a clover-leaf, round, or in the form of a shield — colours ranged from pale pink to navy blue. One child described her choice as 'green for growth, and white for all the virtues, as all colours together make white,' another, 'shaded green, because green is the colour of plants and they get darker as they get older and I thought it would be a nice emblem for us children growing up.'

By the end of 1908 the skylark had been chosen, with a large majority of votes, with the Parents' Union School motto, and colours were to be blue and white or blue and brown. It was suggested that there should be hat-bands and pendants, or safety-pin brooches, and estimates for these were to be submitted.

In January, 1909, a number of the children's letters were published in the *Parents' Review*, followed by a letter from the Secretary of the Students' Association saying that: 'the general feeling seems to be for a badge in the form of a brooch . . . a circle bearing a motto round the edge and a lark in the centre, blue sky and green grass.'

The original badge was a coloured button brooch in blue, green, and brown for the skylark.

But in time a firmer brooch in metal was asked for, and in 1914 Miss Mason wrote to my mother: 'Mrs. Bishop offers to have the Badge carried out for the sake of her boy Eric who loved the school and

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died quite young.' As I had been one of the first pupils in the school Miss Mason wanted me to make the new design so in 1915 there was an oxidised silver badge with a lark soaring held in a circle of daisies, the symbol of childhood. This brooch was most generously given by Mrs. Bishop in memory of her son.

However the brooches and woven badges were made by various firms and the bird seldom looked like a lark, while the colours in their variety lost their significance and it was proposed in 1930 there should be a simpler design which would be patented. The daisy was already the official badge of the Cheltenham Ladies' College so it was omitted, and the Trustees, with Miss Toteham's help, secured an all-covering patent so that the present badge can be no longer obtained anywhere but at the P.N.E.U. office.

The badge is a plain circle with the School's name at the top, symbol that there are children working in almost every part of the round world, and is it not appropriate that some member of the Lark family is found in each continent? Below the motto 'I am, I can, I ought, I will,' chosen by Miss Mason in 1891 when she founded the Parents' Union School, binding together the scattered schoolrooms using the same programme, taking the same examination paper and acting upon the same wise words. In the centre is a skylark rising and singing. Nothing can reproduce the beauty of its quivering wings, only an attempt to suggest that they are filled with air, beating down so as to rise. The open beak and head thrown back are to remind the children of the joyful energy of a skylark's song.

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GOODBYE TO GRUFFANUFF

by Elizabeth L. Molyneux
(Director Parents' Union School)

EVERY WORD HAS an atmosphere and a taste peculiar to itself, and one of the saddest things to those who love truth is the corruption of language whereby words, profound and lovely in origin and significance, become debased and their meaning so spoiled that they are like counterfeit coin instead of true coin of the realm. Our own rich heritage has suffered badly; many words have lost value even during my lifetime and this deterioration will continue unless we all make our individual contribution towards preserving the sense of words by understanding them and using them exactly.

Consider the word 'governess' for instance (its ugly, modern slang equivalent 'school-marm' has now found a place in the dictionary): 'governess' conjures up a picture of a Victorian schoolroom, rigid behaviour, struggles with a copy-book, dull lists of facts to learn off by heart — a rod of iron atmosphere with a brimstone and treacle taste. One of the first governesses I made personal acquaintance with walked out at me from the pages of a book, when I was very young. Her name was Barbara Griselda Countess Gruffanuff: she was the widow of Jenkins Gruffanuff, Esq., and governess to Angelica, daughter of the reigning King of Paflagonia. She was everything that is most dreadfully dislikable (you can see her portrait in *The Rose and the Ring* by Thackeray and one glance will show you exactly what I mean). But, after all, a governess must be judged by her pupil and apparently Angelica was a prodigy of learning for we are told that 'her accomplishments were even superior to her beauty; governesses used to shame their idle pupils by telling them what

Princess Angelica could do. She could play the most difficult pieces of music at sight. She could answer any one of *Mangnall's Questions*. She knew every date in the history of Paflagonia and every other country. She knew French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Cappadocian, Samothracian, Aegean and Crim Tartar. In a word, she was a most accomplished young creature.'

On the face of it, it would seem that the Countess Gruffanuff was the sort of governess that every parent dreams about but never finds: but there was more, or — more exactly — *less* to her and to Angelica than met the eye, because we are told later on, 'Clever, Angelica certainly was, but as *idle as possible*. Play at sight, indeed! she could play one or two pieces, and pretend that she had never seen them before; she could answer half a dozen *Mangnall's Questions*; but then you must take care to ask the *right* ones. As for her languages . . . I doubt whether she knew more than a few phrases in each for all her pretence; and as for her embroidery and her drawings, she showed beautiful specimens, it is true, but *who did them?*' Gruffanuff in fact had encouraged Angelica (who, left to herself, was quite a nice little girl, as the rest of the story shows) to be a hypocrite and a show-off (which is the very last thing education is meant to do) because Gruffy herself was a governess only in name and had manoeuvred to get charge of Angelica, not because she loved children, but because she wanted to be a show-off too, with a grand title and a comfortable place in the King's court; so 'by flattering, toadying, and wheedling,' she had become a favourite with the Queen,

who was rather a weak and silly woman.

So there we have two exact examples of what a governess and pupil ought NOT to be, which brings us to the happier and more useful consideration of what you and I aim at becoming.

Now the word 'governess' (and likewise 'governor') is derived from the Latin *gubernare* — to guide or steer: therefore the rod of iron has no place in the picture at all and the real relationship between governess and pupil is one of co-operation and friendship. When you come to learn, you hold out your hand to be shown the way, and your governess takes it — whether your own particular governess happens to be your mother, if you are a home-schoolroom pupil; or your teacher at school — and you walk together on an adventurous high-road. Perhaps you work with a tutor: well, that word can also be traced back to the Latin and its original meaning might be given as 'protector.'

Another word that is sometimes misunderstood is 'education.' It is apt to convey something kept in a classroom, very pedantic, hard, uninteresting, good for us and necessary, but oh so dull, like brimstone without much treacle. The real meaning of the word is very different. It, too, comes from the Latin: *educere* means 'to lead forth,' 'to bring out': therefore the duty (and privilege and pleasure) of your governess is to help you to develop the gifts which God has given you and to bring you out and into touch with a vast number of thoughts and things. In doing this you and your governess or tutor together have the fascinating task of unpacking the treasure-chest of knowledge which is the inheritance of mankind. Many of you will have read what our founder, Charlotte Mason, has to say about *Ourselves* and how we have been made with soul, mind and body, having tastes

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and talents all our own, capacity for learning and the will to grow in knowledge and understanding. In another book, written for parents and teachers, she speaks of the three sorts of knowledge proper to us, 'the knowledge of God, of man and of the universe.' It is interesting to think out to which of these groups some of the treasures you have found rightly belong.

There used to be a favourite game of pretending one was wrecked on a desert island with only two books to read. Many famous people wrote to the newspapers saying which two books they would choose to be wrecked with, and the majority chose the Bible and Shakespeare — a better choice could hardly be found, and it was to their education that they owed their ability to choose so wisely. But real education goes even further: real education shows you that the best books, the finest art, the loveliest music and the deepest science are not ends in themselves, but each part of an immense whole, known completely only to God. Real education is not confined to the schoolroom or to school and college years: it is living and growing with the Kingdom of Heaven within you and around you: real education will give you the key to some parts of that kingdom. If this thought is in your mind and the mind of your teacher, learning will be a joyous thing, hard at times, but so worth while because you will not be learning simply in order to be thought learned (as Gruffy taught Angelica to do), but for love of knowledge itself.

Go ahead and learn as much as you can and as well as you can — History, Mathematics, French, Latin — these and many more things are on our time-tables: but if you insist on Crim Tartar you must go to Paflagonia, but in the home-schoolroom there Gruffanuff is governess and she does NOT belong to the P.U.S.

IDEAS

by E. Kitching

(ex-Director, Parents' Union School)

'I've got a lovely idea,' 'What an idea.' 'He's full of ideas.' 'What's the great idea?' 'That's a dreadful idea.' 'He has a most inspiring idea.'

Can you see the groups — all ages — from the nursery to the playground and on to the public platform?

Was ever a little word so hard worked?

What is an idea? It has been called 'a living thing of the mind.' It comes to people who are ready to listen to it. It has the power of growth for good or for evil.

Kipling says in *The Explorer*,

'It's God's present to our nation
Anybody might have found it — but
His whisper came to Me!'

Think of some of the explorers and of the great ideas that inspired them — Schliemann and his discovery of Troy which made Homer an historian as well as a poet: or, Sir Arthur Evans and his discovery of Knossos which made the dynasty of Minos and the story of the Minotaur, history as well as legend: or, the explorers and their Kon-Tiki expedition after the discovery of the Incas' secret — all these from your programmes! As you work term by term, you will call to mind the names of men and women to whom great ideas have come, and of whom you have read in the Bible, in history, in literature, in science, in art.

This year we are celebrating with thankful hearts to God the Diamond Jubilee of the Parents' Union School, one of the great ideas that was given to Charlotte Mason. The P.U.S. was opened on June 15th, 1891. Perhaps some of you are asking how did it begin?

Charlotte Mason tells us something about it herself. The story of her life is now being written, but it will be a long time before the whole story is told because it is always going on, and all those who are now taking part in her work, parents, children, and teachers belong to it. Charlotte Mason herself spoke of the future of the P.U.S., for on June 5th, 1888, she gave her first lecture in London and the title was 'The New Education of the Future: discussed in the Future' (1990), and she described the discussion of a group of parents on the work of the P.N.E.U. in the last hundred years. The finding of the chairman was 'If the Club (the Parents' Educational Union) did not initiate, it certainly marked a stage in the progress of the great educational revolution in which we have been moving for the last hundred years. Wait for two or three centuries and you will find this revolution of ours written down as the epoch of the children's *Magna Charta*.'

Now we must go back to the beginning of the epoch and to a few extracts from Charlotte Mason's reminiscences written at the end of her life: — 'I am a very old woman . . . my vast wealth would amuse a rich man for it consists of a few, a mere handful of ideas . . . but those ideas . . . have already been of some use in the world; . . . therefore I shall do my best to put them down. But "how did he come by it?" is what people ask of unusual wealth and I shall try to answer the question faithfully . . . and to seize those moments when such ideas dropped into me, so to say, as have since come into play

in educational work . . . I shall have to go very far back because the ideas one receives as a child, or rather, those one selects, in a whimsical and unaccountable way, produce extraordinary effects in after life . . . I was an only child and my parents were only children. My parents educated me, my father taking some subjects, my mother others . . . The first book I remember as a book, was Layard's *Nineveh* (with pictures) . . . But my eighth birthday brought me a gift of *Robinson Crusoe*, . . . later, 'I remember seeing my mother swimming, and the beauty and desirableness of swimming and all athletic exercises have influenced my thoughts of education.'

'And then came my vocation — a tall lady passed the window one day followed by a whole train of children, she was the Mistress of a Girl's School nearby, and though the idea did not take shape at the time, somehow I knew that teaching was the thing to do.' Later 'she took me to the school and I sat beside her . . . and then came another fertile idea, the girls between fifteen and seventeen read English history out of little books a quarter of an inch thick and entirely uninteresting. I found out from that how necessary it was that children should have books, good books, considerable, and well-written books, for we read books at home and at the time we (I was eleven) were reading *The Waverley Novels*.'

When Charlotte Mason was eighteen she took her training as a teacher, and twenty-five years of work with children and young people brought her many more fertile ideas. It is only possible to mention the two that take our thoughts on to the second question often asked: 'How did the P.U.S. get its Motto?'

'I AM' (human nature); 'I CAN' (power); 'I OUGHT' (responsibility); 'I WILL' (purpose).

The first idea is 'that children are persons' and 'therefore moved by the same springs of conduct as their elders': the second, 'that they are born with possibilities for good and for evil'.

Charlotte Mason's thoughts on the subjects of the Motto can be found in her book *Ourselves*. The book is dedicated to the Members, Past and Present, of her Training College at Ambleside, and also set for study in the Parents' Union School in Forms III, IV, and V. Book I, *Self-Knowledge*, Book II, *Self-Direction*. Book I is for boys and girls under sixteen and Book II 'should appeal to young people of any age who may welcome an attempt to thrash out some of the problems which must needs perplex them.'

'Ourselves may mean two things — our own little sayings, doings and feelings — poor things at the best — or that glorious human nature, with its unmeasured capacities, which we share with heroes and sages, with Christ Himself. It is profanity to say of greed, sloth, sin, depravity of every kind "Oh, it's human nature" for human nature is fitted for all God-like uses, and the Son of Man came to show us all that we may be when we do not reject the indwelling of our God. It is only as we realise the greatness of human nature that we understand what our Lord means when he says "that one soul is worth more than the whole world" . . . Therefore let us take stock, not of what is peculiar to us as individuals, but what is proper to each of us as human beings, remembering that we have no true ownership of the wealth of which we are ignorant . . . Also, it is only a sense of the

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greatness of the poorest human soul that will awaken in us the passionate brotherhood which should help each of us to do our little share of the saving of the world; for we are called upon to work with our Master as well as for Him.' (Book II).

This book 'discovers a ground-plan of human nature — a common possession.' This was the 'common possession' which Charlotte Mason had in mind when as a young teacher of twenty-four the idea of

a 'Liberal Education for All' came to her. Speaking at Ambleside, at the age of eighty, and still in contact with P.U.S. children all over the world and living with her students in training, she said 'What is wanted is a democratic education to include not only the fit, the aristocracy of mind, high and low, rich and poor, but everybody.' Perhaps we may now be allowed to say that she had accomplished her vocation.

THE TORCH

by an Examiner

EVEN EXAMINERS NOD, and then come those slips: and they dream sometimes. I find myself falling into a day-dream, rapt from the work on my table, when some creative piece of beauty shines up out of the flow of narrations. There is one I recall, ill-written indeed and ill-spelt, by some youngster telling of her passing through a village once, in a picture that came vividly alive—even to the scents of hedges and gardens, the neigh of a horse at pasture, and some old man at his gate. The senses were alert with quiet delight, each like a door opening to welcome visitors. It was as if she had just met me and was telling me all about it eagerly, person to person. *Cor ad cor loquitur*—that was Newman's favourite thought, and we might share it with him here. For him it was God's heart speaking to his heart, and his own responding: and I think there is, too, a quality of divinity about the really happy work of creation that now and then a child presents, speaking from person to person.

Of all such pieces the one that most deeply moved me, I suppose, was that of

another twelve-year-old who told of her thoughts as she stood at dusk on a quayside and watched a stormy sea. This was a poem, and it managed to suggest the age-old story of those deeps and how they still call to the deep in us; as they have done from far back in the dim past. Her words recaptured the spell, the awe, and that magic of response to nature's mystery and grandeur which are found in the great poets from Homer and Aeschylus and Job to Shelley and Keats: sometimes with deep love, as in so many of our own children there is a kind of passion for the sea—sometimes fear mingles with the awe, as when John in his Book of Revelation says that in heaven there shall be no more sea. He shared the old Greek mariner's terror of the sudden onset of Mediterranean storms beating upon his frail craft, despite the 'myriad laughter' (as one of their poets called it) when the water falls calm and the sun shines upon its sparkling ripples.

Well, in my young poet there was not all this, of course; but there was the mood of it that stirred a like mood in me, as poems do to us. I felt as if I stood near the

holy ground of genius—the genius which is in all our children if we can but evoke it, or let it spring up of itself. So a precious hour passed in a dream of delight; it was more precious, I fancy, than the neglected job in hand.

And there are day-dreams out of hours: one in particular has been visiting me of late—how Froebel, especially, following in the steps of less daring pioneers like Comenius and Pestalozzi, came to set free that genius and the richness of the senses that serve it. Out of his work a hundred years ago comes the real emancipation of our schools from the horror of the centuries before. He used to ask, why should young children be forced to sit still as frightened mice by the hour with the fear of a spiteful ruler to make them?

It is hard for us to realise what that horror was. Some say that Archbishop Cranmer (so lovable and so patient that he was the life-long friend of the selfish Henry VIII; perhaps his only friend) who failed again and again in adversity until he yielded to Mary's cruelty and signed a recantation, but at the last nobly strong again thrust his recanting hand first into the flames: some say that Cranmer owed this weakness to his harsh tutoring as a boy. And Erasmus, too, had his boyhood similarly outraged, as did other sensitive ones; such was the cruel custom of schooling in those days. Even Milton could be savage to his young pupils. So the grievous story goes on, right down to last century. Girls escaped chiefly because they were not expected to be taught any book-learning.

Then Froebel came: and the very name of his new schools for little children has joy in it: children's garden, 'kinder-

garten'. Gardens indeed!—are they to laugh and play in school; and have colour and life like flowers? Yes, said he; and music, too. And so it was: a new world began to dawn then, at least for the youngest children. It is very different now: there is a village school in Suffolk I know where it was the Headmaster who was made to suffer, being dragged out of bed at 6 o'clock in the morning to help make a new concrete pool and fountain!

My thoughts went on to the most eager disciples of Froebel, a group of enthusiasts in New England in the middle of last century; especially the famous Elizabeth Peabody and her sister Mary who was her partner in teaching. Mary had married an educationist, Horace Mann, as notable in the United States as Matthew Arnold was in England about the same time. Elizabeth herself might well be matched for the drive of her reforming personality with our Florence Nightingale; though more sweet in her strength and more beloved. She had many famous friends in that cultured corner of America (Boston was even called 'the new Athens'—rather extravagantly); some indeed well known now to children over here. There were the poet Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes; and Ralph Waldo Emerson himself was a friend of Elizabeth's all their lives, nearly.

Then at one time she shared a school with Bronson Alcott; his queer, romantic 'Temple School'. I suppose there are few of our own girls who do not know about the lovely Alcott family of *Little Women*, through the story told by one of them, Louisa May (it has been finely filmed lately). What a school that was! Bronson Alcott was one of the strangest mixtures

of crank and genius in that world bursting with new thoughts and new approaches to life, from Emerson's Transcendentalism to Thoreau's fascinating, and beautifully recorded, hermit life by Walden Pond; to say nothing of the fantastic experiment of Brook Farm, the Utopia where thinkers and artists and their devoted wives, forswearing the sordid world, got together to live a free and noble life. Alas, they found their transcendental day-dream defeated by the necessity for plain hard work, and by the lack of the experience which nature on a farm demands.

One of Alcott's special cranks was 'Graham's Brown Bread' which he firmly maintained would make you live for two hundred years. Elizabeth had rather a warm difference with her hero over this; she was never one for nonsense. Yet to his teaching ideals she was, indeed, deeply loyal; that is, to most of them. Some seemed to her very doubtful, though; or at best quixotic. Alcott felt strongly, for example, that the spirit must come first even in young children: he would urge them to search for a secret sin, go inward and view themselves — poor dears! And they should train themselves to sit still for two hours at a time; needless to say he used no ruler to make them, only his persuasive words and his smile and the eagerness in his eyes — persuasive at any rate to older folk. Nevertheless all this sitting still was not in itself unusual in schools of that day; Froebel had already protested as strongly as he could against it.

Again, for the spirit's sake should not these young souls rise above the body's weakness and choose to sit far back from the stove, even in the bitter winters of that climate? Some of the sturdier boys were quite sure they should not: they wanted to be warm, spirit or no spirit. Elizabeth

was on their side. It was fortunate that Alcott did not try the new ideas of mesmerism and 'magnetism' on them that were among the wilder fantasies of New England at that time.

Then the youngest Peabody sister, Sophia, had married Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote *The Scarlet Letter* and *Tanglewood Tales*, among other famous books. Yet despite his genius, and although he had joined the Brook Farm fiasco for a time, Hawthorne was hardly one of the revolutionary minds of his day. His sister-in-law, Elizabeth, bothered him much, and he kept her at arm's length. Indeed he held strong views on women. They should keep their place in the home: his own Sophia was not allowed to use her gifted imagination as he used his, to write a story, although she helped him so with her passionate admiration for his books. She might paint (and so she did, very well), that did not matter; to be sure, water-colours of a mild form were the thing for ladies, one of their genteel accomplishments.

And yet what an age of real women it was! They were winning their freedom, of the mind. Nathaniel must have been shocked pretty often. The notable Harriet Martineau came on a long visit from the old country: there was the clever and egotistic Margaret Fuller: and above all there was Harriet Beecher Stowe. She had gone to live with her husband in Iowa on the borders of slave country, where hunted and terrified slaves used to struggle across the river into safety, of a sort. Then she came back to New England, and in the quiet there wrote her book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that was to be translated into twenty-three languages; and did more,

they say, than anything else for the emancipation of slaves in the Civil War of 1861. Could Hawthorne have resisted that noble appeal — with all the compassion he had shown in his *Scarlet Letter*? Perhaps he did not even read it; for, sad to say, he was one of those still set dead against emancipation.

There was another woman also to inspire this crusade, Julia Ward Howe. Her splendid *Battle Hymn of the Republic* ran like a flame through the land. Armies sang it as they marched into battle for the great cause. It was to them what the *Marseillaise* had been to the French peasants in their struggle for freedom. How her noble words still ring in our ears! May I recall some of the best remembered of them:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored.

His truth is marching on.

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be
jubilant, my feet!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born,
across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free.

In England, apart from the women writers of that century, there were, of course, Elizabeth Fry who attacked our horrible prisons: and Florence Nightingale the founder of our fine nursing system (among so much else): and later on our own champion of right education, Charlotte Mason: and many more down to modern times.

In the midst of this ferment of thought and enthusiasms that surrounded her on all sides, Elizabeth Peabody at last heard

of the marvellous new *kindergartens* in Germany and Switzerland. She was swift to answer you may be sure, and her feet jubilant! Off she went to see about them — nearly penniless though she was, as usual. But she had countless friends instead of pennies, and when they heard of her latest passion gifts came pouring in to help with the journey to Europe — some of the cheques had a loving message tacked on to them bidding her just 'go, and have a good time'.

And indeed she did have a good time! The crown of it all was a *kindergarten* in Berlin run by one of the most eager of Froebel's followers. The story of the Peabodys has been finely told by Louise H. Tharp;* and of this German paradise where children were to use all their senses in living activity, she says: '... such lovely coloured cubes, such peg-boards and soft woollen balls! Then there was music. The children sang when they entered, they sang their prayers, and they played singing games — old as the oldest folk customs, yet new to Miss Peabody of Boston ... She set to work to persuade the best teachers to come to America and spread the light, like missionaries to darkest Africa.' And there was, of course, Froebel's own love of the trees and plants and the creatures living among them to lay the foundation of our rich nature study, so novel then.

How new, too, would have been all this music in school to English teachers in the middle Nineteenth Century. When Thring of Uppingham (my own favourite among school Heads) introduced music and painting to his school it was considered a very daring innovation. Where should we be to-day without our plays and songs and folk-dances and square-dances

* *The Peabody Sisters of Salem* (Harrap, 1951).

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and our art rooms? But a century ago it needed people of vision and enthusiasm and devoted lives to bring in this transfiguring grace—to make the children free.

What a day-dream! Where did it start? With two little works of beauty that came my way; and there are plenty of others like them. In what school of Elizabeth's day could one have found any such glad creation at work? How excited she would be could she see it now! And the dream goes on: what charges are there upon us to-day in this business of the good education; especially upon the women whose province it has ever been? How are we to keep the life and inspiration of Froebel and Elizabeth Peabody and Thring and Charlotte Mason? How pass on the torch well alight—as the school sign on our roads invites us to do?

The great and obvious evils of society and education seem to have been overcome here at home. What crusades are left? That is hard indeed to answer; it may be we need to look abroad and carry the torch there to less privileged peoples. But one thing we must remember—that for each of these great reformers things as they were seemed to their contemporaries good enough, nothing to crusade about. Even

THE PLANET 'PLUTO'

DEAR P.U.S.,

Miss Molyneux has asked me to write for the Jubilee Magazine an account of the naming of the Planet Pluto by a P.U.S. child who was in our school at Oxford.

Apparently it all began with a school 'Nature Walk,' which one day turned itself into a 'Planet Walk.' In those days

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Nathaniel Hawthorne with his enchanted imagination thought slavery was not to be attacked.

Here is the poem referred to in *The Torch*:

THE EDGE OF THE SEA

by Jennifer Buddicorn, aged 12

(St. Margaret's P.N.E.U. School,
Moor Park, Ludlow)

The wind is roaring
The waves rise high
Sea-gulls are calling
'Stay'—'tis to die.

The night is darkening
Of stars but one
Shines brightly, clearing
The path that I run.

I look at the breakers
I look at the sea
I am desperately frightened
Alone by the quay.

But a strange fascination
Holds me there, fast.
The anger of Neptune!
Strange power of the past!

And I am standing
By the edge of the sea
Untamed, proud, powerful
Calling to me.

Form II still used *The Sciences* by E. S. Holden, and we had reached the section on the relative sizes and distances of the planets.

Leaving the sun, represented by a circle two feet in diameter on the classroom blackboard, we set out from school carefully carrying our planets! After 41 paces we placed Mercury (the size of a canary

seed) on an Oxford pavement. After 77 paces Venus, represented by a small pea, was laid down. The Earth (a pea), Mars (a small bead), Jupiter (an orange), Saturn (a golf ball) were duly placed—the last after zealous counting of 1,019 paces. Then we let our imaginations finish the walk, for it seemed best to turn back while our enthusiasm and our legs still remained fresh!

The follow-up to this came with the reading of *The Age of Fable*, when the children became more intimate with the characters of the Greek gods and goddesses and the nature of their kingdoms. And then one morning, March 14th, 1930, we read in the daily papers of the discovery of a new planet, a 'dark' one.

On May 28th, the following letter appeared in the *London Times*:

PLUTO

To the Editor of *The Times*,

Sir,

A postcard from the President of the Royal Astronomical Society offered this morning 'congratulations to the suggester of the name Pluto, now adopted.' The reference is to a telegram which I had the honour of sending to the Lowell Observatory on March 15th (the day after the news of discovery reached England), conveying the suggestion of Miss Venetia Burney, of Oxford, made at breakfast on that day to her grandfather, who sent it on to me. I may add that it was a brother of that same grandfather who suggested the names Deimos and Phobos for the satellites of Mars.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. TURNER,

University Observatory, Oxford.

May 27th.

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The *London Times* had already referred to Venetia's suggestion as 'perhaps the happiest of all essays in classical nomenclature.' Venetia was then eleven, and when her grandfather read aloud at the breakfast table about the discovery of the planet, Venetia had ruminated for a moment or two and had then quietly said, 'I think Pluto would be a good name for it.'

On June 1st I received the following letter from Venetia's grandfather, Falconer Madan, late Librarian of the Bodleian Library. At first I thought this too personal to quote, but I see that Mr. Madan, though knowing little of the details of our work, grasped the impact that a P.N.E.U. upbringing can have on a child, and the inner perception which it gives. The 'scrap of paper' referred to, provided for the school a gramophone for Music Appreciation. It was christened Pluto and is still in existence.

Dear Miss Claxton,

I hope you will kindly accept the enclosed 'scrap of paper' as a personal gift to yourself, in grateful recognition of your share in Venetia's triumphant naming of the new planet. The Royal Astronomical Society itself could think of no better name than Kronos (not Chronos), the father of Jupiter.

I really believe that had Venetia been under a less capable and enlightened teacher than yourself, the suggestion of Pluto would not have occurred to her, or, if made, would have been just a vague guess. As it is, her acquaintance with some of the old legends of Greek and Roman deities and heroes, and that 'nature walk' in the University Parks, by which she was taught the relative spaces between the Planets and the

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Sun, and the gloom of distance, enabled her to grasp at once the special elements of the situation, and to be the first to make a suggestion so reasonable as to be accepted (it appears) by the whole world of Science.

I am quite aware that you might say that you are only carrying out the syllabus of the P.U.S., but I venture to congratulate you on your part in an achievement which is not only notable and singular but also of lasting interest.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

F. MADAN.

THE P.N.E.U. PORTFOLIO OF STORY AND VERSE

by Daphne Tillotson (C.M.C.)

FOR THREE YEARS I have been in charge of the P.N.E.U. Portfolio of Story and Verse and I find my interest increase each term.

I would like to tell you how it runs. Each term I circularise the members, giving a subject for a story and one for a verse, also the closing date. Towards that date the most exciting packets arrive for me and all the family regard my post with great interest and curiosity. Some mornings the housework gets sadly behindhand while I sit at the breakfast-table long after everyone else has departed, eagerly reading the stories contained in those packets. I never cease to be amazed by the variety of stories that can be written on the same subject. Then comes the closing date and all the entries are here, so I sit down and read them all through again

All will realise that our part in this was small, and that much is due to Venetia's Mother, who herself taught Venetia in the P.U.S. and steadfastly sought the best for her. But I venture to think that this letter will be an inspiration to others as it was to me, showing as it does how big doors swing on little hinges.

We are unable to assess our work, but we have been shown the bread of life, and if we freely cast it upon the waters it will truly nourish.

K. M. CLAXTON (C.M.C.)

and make my criticisms, which I hope are helpful, and string them all together to resemble a magazine as much as possible, and send them off in a well-worn black canvas bag to the first member on the mailing list. She keeps it a week and then sends it on to the next, and so on until all the members have had a chance to read and enjoy the Portfolio.

Then back it comes to me and I send it off again, minus its black bag this time, to Accra on the Gold Coast, where I have two young contributors. Back it comes to me after rather an anxious period of waiting and then off again to Zanzibar, where it finally comes to the end of its travels.

Then we start the whole process over again and I hope we will long continue to do so.

IN MEMORIAM—CHARLOTTE M. MASON

by Dr. Marjorie Franklin

I HAVE BEEN ASKED to write something of my early recollections of Miss Mason, because it has been my privilege to have known her since I was quite young. It is difficult to separate childhood memories from those of later life, and I recall a clear picture of her very vivid personality rather than outstanding incidents.

She used to stay at our home on her way to her annual journey to Nauheim, and her visits were delightful for us, although, as an invalid, she had to be spared fatigue and noise and we could only visit her bedroom separately and at special times. I can, however, recall one occasion when she was well enough to stay with us in the country and to take part in family life and country drives. It was here that Rudyard Kipling came to see her—probably to hear about her methods—and the *Jungle Book* was a great favourite with us. It must have been then, or soon after, that I read 'Mowgli' to Miss Mason, most likely sitting by her bed, but that I cannot quite remember.

Reading to Miss Mason was a great pleasure, for she entered so genuinely into the spirit of the book, even if it was only a children's story, provided it had some literary value.

Once at school (not P.N.E.U.) a companion laid a challenge that she and I should each read the whole of Wordsworth's *Prelude* during the week-end. It took all one's spare time, but Miss Mason was staying in the house and in reading it to her and listening to her occasional comments, I soon forgot in enjoyment of the poem the urgency of the self-imposed 'task.' I felt quite sorry when my friend, who had to read to herself and had less

time, confessed that she felt too hurried to appreciate it.

Miss Mason had a nice sense of precision in the use of words and did not like them to be applied loosely or incorrectly or to be mispronounced. She seldom interrupted the child reader by criticism, but she had a keen sense of how a passage should be rendered, and gave us a most valuable course of reading lessons when I was a student. Her fine literary judgment has been diffused through her choice of books for the school.

Miss Mason had, of course, great sympathy with children, and she always seemed genuinely pleased to see one and never preoccupied. She radiated affection and gaiety and showed a quick interest in many things; such as nature, plants and flowers, people, books, household and school affairs, and (I nearly said most of all!) in anything amusing. She had a splendid sense of fun and loved to hear or tell a good story. She often invented special names for her friends and liked to chaff the 'dear people' around her, but never in a way that left the least sting.

I think children appreciated the serene happiness of her temperament. She never seemed to have 'moods' and, although her cares and responsibilities must have been great, one never saw her in the least depressed.

I am afraid I have said very little—there is much that cannot be written down and other things that seem trivial on paper when separated from the atmosphere in which they occurred. Like thousands of others I owe a great debt to Miss Mason's teaching, although I was but a few years in the P.U.S.

Miss Mason has shown her love, respect and understanding of children in her work. The seclusion which her health exacted prevented her from seeing them as much as she would have liked but she always took pleasure in contact with a

child and read the children's examination papers with real enjoyment. The spread of her pupils from the home schoolrooms to private and secondary schools brought her great happiness.

A GREETING

from the Lady Baden-Powell, G.B.E.

Hampton Court Palace,
East Molesey,
Surrey.

May 6th, 1951.

DEAR MISS MOLYNEUX,

May I offer my best wishes to you all on the celebration of the 'Diamond Jubilee' of the Parents' National Educational Union School.

What a great occasion this is for everyone concerned, and it is perhaps rather specially happy that you are having this big event at the same time as the 'Festival of Britain'!

I shall be so glad later on to see the 'Jubilee Number' of your Magazine, and it is very nice of you to plan to include in it the short article that my husband wrote for you some years ago, as Founder of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements.

He was a man of action, and did not waste either time or words.

This short note of his therefore does not perhaps convey fully to the reader quite what a very important contribution Miss Charlotte Mason and the P.N.E.U. gave to the first starting of the Scouts and the

Guides, nor — owing to the passing of time — can it give full recognition to the part that the P.N.E.U. has played in the progress and successful expansion of the two movements since their foundation in 1907 and in 1909 respectively.

This little tale is founded on fact.

Founded on fact also is the very invigorating tale of steady upward growth of the World Fellowship of Scouts and Guides, bringing its influence for good to millions of boys and girls of to-day, as it has also touched the lives and the hearts of millions of men and women the whole world over.

It is right and good to look back and to remember the small beginnings of great things; and in our World Association we are thankful for the gifts brought helpfully to our store cupboard of good things for the young, by means of the P.N.E.U., who co-operate with us in many places.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

OLAVE BADEN-POWELL,
World Chief Guide

A FIELD-MARSHAL'S GOVERNESS

by General Sir Robert Baden-Powell

HOW DID THE Boy Scouts start?

Oh well! I believe it was largely due to — whom shall we say? — a Field Marshal's governess.

It was this way: the Brigadier General, as he was at that time, was riding to his home after a field day when from the branches of a tree overhead his little son called to him, 'Father, you are shot; I am in ambush and you have passed under me without seeing me. Remember you should always look upwards as well as around you.'

So the General looked upward and saw not only his small son above him but also, near the top of the tree, the new governess lady imported from Miss Charlotte Mason's training College at Ambleside.

Her explanation of the situation was that a vital point in up to date education was the inculcation of observation and deduction and that the practical steps to this were given in the little handbook for soldiers, *Aids to Scouting*. The present incident was merely one among the various field stunts from that book which might be put into practice by her pupils and herself.

For example, they might as another exercise creep about unseen but seeing all

the time, and noting down everything that the general did; they might lead him off on some wild chase while they purloined some tangible proof of their having invaded his sanctum. Taken as a warning of what he might expect, I daresay the governess's explanation opened the general's eye pretty widely, if only in regard to his own future security against ambushes and false alarms.

But it certainly opened mine to the fact that there could be an educative value underlying the principles of scout training; and since it had been thought worthy of utilisation by such an authority as Miss Mason I realised that there might be something in it.

This encouraged me in the direction of adapting the training for the use of boys and girls.

From this acorn grew the tree which is now spreading its branches across the world.

The Boy Scout of yesterday — (reduced alas by some ten thousand who gave their young lives in the war) — is already becoming the citizen of to-day — (and none too soon) — largely thanks to the Field Marshal's governess.

P.U.S. MAP

THOSE OF YOU who enjoy map-drawing, which is by far the most entertaining way of learning Geography (short of visiting the places on the map!), may like to start a P.U.S. Map as one of your hobbies. It will keep you rather busy in your spare time, because it will be continually chang-

ing as new home-schoolrooms join and old ones retire: working upon it may be rather like the game of croquet in *Alice in Wonderland* (you will remember how the hedgehog croquet balls had a disconcerting habit of walking away just as they had been placed in position before the hoops?);

all the same, for those who would like to make the attempt, here is a list of places to start on: it is not a complete list and lack of space forces us to give only the continents, countries and counties, but

perhaps you may get some fun out of colouring your map and marking where P.U.S. work is being done and so getting some idea of the whereabouts of your many schoolfellows.

HOME

ENGLAND	
Bedford	Galway
Berkshire	Kerry
Buckingham	Leinster
Cambridge	Limerick
Cheshire	Louth
Cornwall	Meath
Cumberland	Sligo
Derby	Tipperary
Devon	Waterford
Dorset	West Meath
Essex	Wicklow
NORTHERN IRELAND	
Gloucester	Armagh
Hampshire	Down
Hereford	Fermanagh
Hertford	Tyrone
Kent	
Lancashire	
Lincoln	
WALES	
London	Brecknock
Middlesex	Carmarthen
Monmouth	Denbigh
Norfolk	Glamorgan
Northampton	Merioneth
Northumberland	Montgomery
Nottingham	Radnor
Oxford	
Rutland	
SCOTLAND	
Shropshire	Aberdeen
Somerset	Angus
Stafford	Argyll
Suffolk	Ayr
Surrey	Berwick
Sussex	Cromarty
Warwick	Dumfries
Westmorland	East Lothian
Wiltshire	Fife
Worcester	Lanark
Yorkshire	Midlothian
EIRE	
Carlow	Moray
Cavan	Peebles
Cork	Perth
Donegal	Ross
Dublin	Roxburgh
	Sutherland

OVERSEAS

EUROPE	
Austria	Cape Verde Island
Belgium	Egypt
Bulgaria	Eritrea
Denmark	Ethiopia
France	Gold Coast
Germany	Kenya
Greece	Madagascar
Holland	Mauritius
Hungary	Nigeria
Malta	Northern Rhodesia
Norway	Nyasaland
Portugal	Portuguese West Africa
Rumania	Sierra Leone
Spain	Southern Rhodesia
Switzerland	Sudan
ASIA	
Aden	Tanganyika
Afghanistan	Transvaal
Bahrein	Uganda
Borneo	Zanzibar
AMERICA	
Burma	Argentina
Ceylon	Bolivia
China	Brazil
Fiji Islands	British Guiana
India	British West Indies
Iran	Chile
Iraq	Colombia
Java	Haiti
Kuwait	Paraguay
Malaya	Peru
Pakistan	U.S.A.
Palestine	Uruguay
Philippines	Venezuela
AFRICA	
Singapore	
Syria	
AUSTRALIA	
	New South Wales
	New Zealand
	Queensland
	South Australia
	Tasmania
	Victoria
	Western Australia

THE PORTFOLIO OF PAINTING

by Joyce Powell (C.M.C.)

HOW MANY READERS of the *Parents' Review*, I wonder, are familiar with the Portfolio of Painting? The present day, when 'Child Art' is so much discussed and admired is perhaps a good moment to attempt to restate its purpose and achievement. For me as a comparative newcomer to the Portfolio this is not easy. I look back with admiration and respect to the early pioneering days. Then, the Portfolio, putting into practice the suggestions and ideas of Miss Mason, was a real forerunner in artistic education and must have stood almost alone. Miss Mason's condemnation of 'blobs' (splashes of paint made with the flat of the brush) as mere 'apparatus of Art', her statement that 'children have Art in them', both strike a strangely modern note. 'Believe that it is there . . . do not hinder the development of the art that is in him,' she says of children and their paintings. Nowadays this is so much the recognised attitude that it is almost a commonplace. The Portfolio, instead of standing alone, now tends to appear as just one more manifestation of modern artistic belief and practice. It is still, I hope, something much more than this. In the first place it does fulfil a very real need. For children working singly or in small home-schoolrooms, in particular, this glimpse of other children's work cannot fail to be stimulating and is, I know, much appreciated. Schools of course do also enjoy the Portfolio and are always welcome.

The rules are simple. The subjects appear three times a year in the *Parents' Review*. The children send in their paintings and each child's work is criticised

individually on its own merits, and where possible technical help and advice are given. The paintings then set off as a kind of travelling exhibition and are sent from one address to the other until all the children concerned have seen their own and each other's work. Definite subjects are always set. Those for the Juniors are made as wide and elastic as possible, but, although one general picture-making subject is always set, members may have noticed the second subject frequently lays unfashionable emphasis on things seen, and especially on natural objects. Miss Mason of course stresses this very point, I think logically and rightly. Appreciation, she says, should go hand in hand with expression. Surely the child's attempt, however primitive, to set down on paper some simple twig, feather, or flower, is appreciation. He will learn far more of the colour, shape and texture of the chosen thing, from this attempt, than from any amount of 'just looking.' Pattern-making is also given from time to time. Marion Richardson has I think said almost the last word about the great value of building up beautiful and satisfying patterns from very simple basic rhythms.

The Senior Portfolio is different in many ways from its Junior counterpart. While the latter tends to be unwieldy, the former is small. Subjects are set on more adult lines with frequent 'design for craft' subjects, as well as figure drawing, sketching and imaginative picture-making. Larger membership would help the Senior Portfolio greatly, as older children learn much from comparisons with a wide range of other children's work.

'Design for craft' should, I feel, hold an important place. Appreciation and knowledge of worthy designs and good craftsmanship is surely vital in these days. The child who has learnt something of fabric printing and has made his or her own designs, who has acquired a good basic alphabet and can use it effectively in a poster, who knows some simple embroidery stitches and can apply them to make a satisfactory and practical piece of work, who has handled wools, cottons and silks and woven a length of material, who can use ordinary tools and make a simple box or tray, this child will appreciate fine material and its right use and he will take pleasure in any well designed object which may come his way. Picture-making is

more difficult for the older boy or girl who has lost the unselfconscious vision of the young child and has only the desire to make his pictures look 'like' some adult work he may have seen. Difficulties abound, for the teacher and critic. Perhaps the solution is to replace lost vision by taste and knowledge. The true genius will in any case look after himself and find salvation by his own efforts.

I have tried briefly to outline the aims of the two Portfolios of Painting as I see them. They have in the past brought guidance and delight to many children. In this the P.U.S. Jubilee Year, I hope the Portfolios may long continue to bring inspiration to many children for many years to come.

CHILDREN'S GATHERINGS

by R. A. Pennethorne (C.M.C.)

IN THE YEAR 1912 — before the world and the life of man were altered out of all recognition — the Parents' Union School gathered its children around her where history and organised Christianity had left their great handiworks — in Winchester. Examinations were not then the national requirements of citizenship, so it was possible to devote the work of the term before to preparation. The children read books on Winchester and on early history, and the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Canterbury Tales* and Jane Austen's novels, and so came with minds prepared and ready.

Mrs. Clement Parson's daughter — long since called to her rest — had designed the clothes for the pageant and sent us all beautiful little sketches to copy, so that the

presentation should be harmonious and correct. Few of us who were there will ever forget the tingling excitements of those days, or the sound of the swift running Itchen. Many friendships were made there between all manner of people and even to my knowledge future marriages. We had our jolts and difficulties, of course, it was all such a new venture, but 'lessons together' went very happily.

One factor in the pageant had not been foreseen — the relative heights of the children. It opened by the Three Queens who came for the dead Arthur — tall figures in black and purple; but the Black Prince, superb in armour, was a tiny boy, far shorter than his wife Joan of Kent! Wherever possible the great figures of old

were portrayed by their descendants, however tiny, but the magnificent figures of Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn linger in the memory.

This all proved so popular, but so far away from many, that in 1915, when the first Great War was already undermining the daily life of the community, the children and their parents gathered for a day in the, then, new Y.M.C.A. Headquarters in London. Many of us remember that day, but the acoustic possibilities had scarcely yet been tested, and the roar of traffic outside made some of the lessons difficult to follow. All I can remember of the historical procession is the Queen Anne with regal blue velvet draping a large frame.

Our north country members, when the war was over, wanted something which they could attend, and so we gathered at Whitby in 1920. There, in the Abbey, the first great English educationalist, St. Hilda, had encouraged poets, and trained women. But no one can foresee weather, and my recollections of Whitby are of rain and gales. We took the children out to see Molyon Spout on a geography walk, which was almost an arctic exploration! The kindness of the Normanbys — then members — took the Conference out to their castle, and bold spirits sought the cliffs for cornelians or jet, but we were, if from the south, rather cowed by the conditions.

Four years later in 1924 came the great Wembley Exhibition. Again the children were called together and taken round the various pavilions by people who had lived in the various dominions, and could give them first-hand information. Then they all sang together in the great concert hall — without rehearsal — and got through the programme better than they had done

in Winchester, where some of the quaint rhythms of the French Nursery Rhymes had brought about chaos!

The following year the gathering was not 'regional' but for all P.U.S. children and their parents. Our founder was taken from us in 1923 and so this 1925 gathering was a memorial and a thanksgiving for her work.

There were lessons together in the old King's School, Canterbury, which was lent to us: there was singing together (shall we ever forget the descants!) and there was a historical pageant and dramatised scenes from the history of the town, in the old theatre long since superseded. Our characters ranged from King Lear on Barham Down to the cricketers on St. Laurence and the hop-pickers all around. The crush was such that the stage doors were thrown open and the actors processed through the streets to re-enter, and the townsfolk received them with rapture. Canterbury is really a very small city and we filled it very full!

There were many small gatherings and meetings in the next ten years, for the parents rather than for the children, but these had their day when we assembled in Bournemouth in the spring of 1937, when the rhododendrons were flowering — children sang and gave a 'pictorial representation' of our Picture Talks. The *real* baby in Van Dyck's 'Family of Charles I', and the Botticelli figures in 'Spring', who danced from posture to posture, remain forever in the memory. But the gathering of all gatherings, in the minds of the children, who had heard so much of Ambleside but had never seen it nor known it, like their teachers, was when they went there themselves in 1936.

Spring was kind to us that year, and sent us sunshine, however cold, and the

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children met and worked where their teachers had worked before them. They went in procession to Ambleside church—each school walking with its banners, and overseas schools sent their banners too. The sermon at that service told us that if we spent our youth aright our memories would be 'roses in December'. I think the memory of that week will always be fragrant. The Shakespeare afternoon included scenes from many plays—especially a magnificent rendering of Bottom's drilling of his rustic company by the

Haresfoot Elementary Church School from Gloucestershire. It ended with an impromptu procession down to the tea prepared for the performers in the Queen's Hotel—so the village saw them all, and even the lightly-clad did not end with pneumonia! And then came the long dark years until 1945, and now we hope to relight our beacons and to meet again.

May the P.U.S. Diamond Jubilee Gathering in 1951 bring us 'roses in December'!

LOOKING AT PICTURES

by E. C. Allen (C.M.C.)

IN 1887, WHEN I was thirteen, we lived near Manchester. Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee was celebrated by a gigantic Exhibition held near the Lancashire cricket field. Of course we were taken to it, bidden to watch the cotton being spun and woven, but I hated that and always escaped to the Picture Gallery. There I would stay for hours, alone, but filling my eyes and my mind with the pictures. Leighton's 'The Sea Gives up Its Dead', 'The Derby', and 'The Captive Andromeda', I remember well, and 'The Scape-Goat' and some Watts. No one attempted to instruct me, or explain anything, or tell me about the artists, but there I spent an hour or so every time I went, until I was called away for tea or to go home.

In our home there were some good pictures. Some I still have, some have gone to other members of the family. My father would buy a picture, keep it for a few years, then sell it for something he

liked better. I remember one by Musgrove, of a child lying on the pavement in rags with a bunch of violets in her hand. He sold it later, as my mother thought it too melancholy and preferred a cheerful and beautiful picture of Derwentwater.

A lot of my childhood was spent with my grandmother in York. There were pictures there in a sort of permanent Picture Gallery and I spent hours there, but I don't remember much about them. I think it was York that taught me to love old buildings. I had to learn a great deal of poetry, which was seldom explained.

In cathedral aisles are seen
Marbles effiges, but seldom
Of the Mercantile Marine,

was a phrase in one poem.

'What are marble effigies?' Grandmother asked.

'I don't know,' I said.

I knew we had two white Venuses at home, one kneeling on a shell and one standing by a pillar, but though I knew they were marble I did not know what an 'effigy' was. So that morning I was taken to the Minister, and in its great silent nave I was shown 'marble effigies' and heard the story of Jonathan Martin, and looked at the carved row of kings over the entrance to the choir. I also gazed at the Seven Sisters window, and was glad that I had not to do a piece of embroidery as big as that.

My Grandmother was a very clever woman in many ways. She did not suffer fools gladly and anything like 'playing to the gallery' was at once snubbed. There were many books in her house, and I read copiously, but not, I dare say, very wisely. I found *Eric* and cried over it, and *Under Two Flags*, which I found absorbing without understanding it. The only book she ever took from me was *Jane Eyre*, so I never read it till I was grown-up. But she was a very clever old lady, and taught me to read and to sew and to knit and to do embroidery, and not to dawdle, and 'to look, and listen, but don't ask questions.'

In the Museum Gardens I looked at stone coffins, and the Roman lady's hair (very mouldy, I thought) and her beautiful teeth. Up Coney Street there was a book-seller's shop where we always halted for a long time while my Grandmother discussed the iniquities of Mr. Gladstone with the gentle old owner, whose son took our photographs every year, and I browsed on the book-shelves. Sometimes the old man would ask me what I had found, and generally it was a book with 'Old Masters' in it. Children are very imitative and often ludicrously desirous of imitating unsuitable models. And what they admire in the first ten years of their lives, they

never forget. So ugly things should never find a permanent home in the nursery.

'We needs must love the highest when we see it.' That is why the P.U.S. gives the children six reproductions of good pictures to study every term. Then when Form Ib goes to the Louvre or Edinburgh or the National Gallery from North Scotland, they will find the originals of beautiful pictures they already know, and will never ask if 'a Perugino is a cheese'! No one is too old to learn; in fact, one never stops learning, with an open eye and ear. One's hands get stiff, one's eyes grow misty, but one's affections and perceptions do not diminish. I am nearer eighty than seventy, but I can still find much pleasure in a picture postcard of a great picture or another of a root of coltsfoot.

Taking 'Picture Study' with a class of children is a very different matter from that of taking one child to a gallery or teaching one alone. In a gallery, I let the children browse first (time permitting) and then come to anchor before the picture I particularly want them to see. And I don't talk about it, until we have had a good long quiet look. Then I make some unteacherish remark, such as, 'How those stones must have hurt (St. Jerome)' or 'Her little feet don't press the grass down, which shows Primavera is a spirit'. Or, if it is a reproduction like 'The Last Supper' in the Diploma Gallery, I say the colour is much cruder than the original because this is an oil painting and the original is a fresco.

Turner is an artist who does not need explaining to children, though they are quite ready to laugh at the chair in the corner of the cornfields, and also to feel the pathos of 'The Fighting Temeraire', and will find the hare in 'Speed and Steam'. When I had been to see the

King's pictures a few years ago, I brought back the catalogue and showed the pictures to my hostess's little boys. They loved them and, I think, have never forgotten them.

It is never too late to learn. Edinburgh has some lovely things. Yesterday I received from Edinburgh a picture postcard of a little boy in boots much too large for him. There are now lovely pictures in the galleries of nearly all our large towns

— Leeds, Manchester, Norwich, York — so do not think you must wait for the National Gallery if you want to see more pictures and the originals.

I once kept four tadpoles in a mug. Their names were Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck and Michaelangelo, known as Micky. I was eleven then and had never been shown a picture or told about an artist. How grateful to the P.U.S. you will be when you are my age!

CENTURY BOOKS

by G. M. Bernau (C.M.C.)

I WONDER HOW MANY of you, celebrating the P.U.S. Diamond Jubilee, have kept (and I hope you are still keeping) a 'Book of Centuries', as it was originally called.

Miss Molyneux thought you might like to know about its origin. I shall have to go back many years, to the beginning of this century, when Mrs. Epps wrote articles in the *Parents' Review* about 'the British Museum for Children.' She had lived quite close to the Museum, and had taught her children a great deal of History by studying the exhibits there. She thought other children might like to do the same. She was always ready to take Ambleside students over the Museum, and many a happy afternoon we spent with her there. When I had my first school, I used to take my girls to town and meet her there. Shortly before she died, she had hoped to bring her articles out in book form. Miss Mason had asked her to do this, as they were out of print. Her relations were very glad when I offered to

carry out her wish. That was the beginning of the book *British Museum for Children*.

Up to that time we had put our dates and drawings in our exercise books with lines on each page, but in 1914 we started the present inter-leaved Century Book. The first child's book was drawn up by my niece, aged nine, and she really did some very good work in it, as she could draw. Unfortunately it was lent and never returned. Now her son, aged nineteen and at College, has a book started when he was quite young and he still works at it.

During the 1914-18 War I went to a Secondary School at Brixton, which was working in the P.U.S., to look at their Century Books. Some were 'family' books, as they took them home and everyone drew something in them. When a father came back from the front on leave and asked his daughter what he should give her, she said, 'Take me to the

P.N.E.U. Office in Victoria Street and buy me 'A Book of Centuries'. Some were using exercise books as the proper Book of Centuries was too expensive for each of them to have one during the war. When Miss W. Kitching had a class in London, the girls of my class used to meet hers for a 'Book of Centuries' tea and they looked through each other's books. When Miss Flewker and I had a school in London, we had 'Book of Centuries' evenings when Ambleside students would come and draw in their books and we were able to exchange illustrations for copying.

We had a School Book of Centuries in which the girls and boys used to draw something in connection with their last term's work, signing the drawing and putting the date. This book is of great interest now we have given up our school. As we live not too far from Miss Bowser's school at Oxted, for many years I have gone over — at first once a term, but lately once a year — and we had a 'Book of Centuries' afternoon, when they showed me the work they had done since last I had seen them. This last Christmas (as I had been unable to go through illness) they sent me a marvellous 'Book of Centuries' booklet, containing a signed drawing and painting from each one of them.

I have told you the above to give you suggestions as to how you may share the enjoyment of your 'Book of Centuries' with others.

A few hints may be useful as to how to keep your Books, especially for the younger ones and beginners. I am afraid heading the pages is rather a wearisome business, but if you do a few each week, it will not seem so long. Leave a few

blank pages at the end for maps of countries or plans of cities mentioned, or perhaps cuttings (if on *thin* paper) of recent discoveries. (Never stick anything in the other part of the book.) Then on the pages before these write '20th Century A.D.' at the top of the lined page. Then work *backwards* in the book — '19th Century A.D.' etc., till '1st Century A.D.' and continue then from '1st Century B.C.' till '54th Century B.C.' Use the first few pages for the Prehistoric Times, viz. Palaeolithic, Neolithic, Bronze and Early Iron Ages. These are better kept apart from the rest of the book, as different countries were passing through these periods during various centuries.

I do not know the number of lines in each page in the present books. If you have, like mine, 23 lines, write the number of the century between the two top ones, count down 10 more and put a line across the next to mark the middle of the page, and you will have 10 left. In the A.D.s put a small figure 5 at the end of the first line, followed by 10, 15, 20, etc. on the other lines. In the B.C.s put the figures at the *beginning* of the lines, starting at 100, 95, 90, etc. and ending at 5. When filling in events or famous names on the lined pages, each event must be put in the exact place of its date, whilst the name of a famous man could be put in any blank place near to the time when he was famous, e.g. in the '16th Century A.D.' the Spanish Armada must be put in the middle of the line 90, as it was fought in 1588, whilst Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh could be put on line 80, where there was no special event. Some of the early B.C. dates, e.g. Egyptian, differ according to various schools of thought, so it is best to get the catalogue

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of that country, published by the British Museum, and keep to the date given there.

Now for a few general hints. Do not overcrowd any page with drawings, leave room for something you may want to add later. Always draw in pencil first, very

LIESEL IN HANOVER

by Edith Piercy (P.U.S. Parent)

EDITH STOOD AT THE WINDOW, watching the dust-cart come along the street. What could she do? Liesel, her daughter of nearly ten, had been staying in the Harz Mountains with a German Forester for the last five months. She loved animals, and there she had lived on a farm, had learnt to ski, and had had much freedom. It would be like caging a wild bird . . . having her home at Hanover, no animals, only a tiny garden instead of the glorious forest; the ski runs would have to be replaced by sedate walks in the local woods. Liesel had accompanied the forester on skis inspecting traps for fox and marten — now she could shop-gaze. The dust-cart was now opposite the house, and halted while the young boy got down to gather up rubbish. The boy glanced up at the window, with a smile. He was looking for Liesel, who had before always come out to bring his horse sugar; they had then progressed round the district — Liesel riding the horse, her fair hair shining in the sun . . . he missed his little friend . . . he was a refugee from the Eastern Zone and had so few friends. He lived at the children's home, his family was lost, he knew not if

lightly, so that you can easily rub out all the pencil marks showing. Name very clearly and tidily. *Never* be tempted to take two pages for a century, which seems to interest you more, as it quite does away with the object of the 'Book of Centuries'.

they were even alive. The boy got back on to the cart and passed round the corner. Edith wondered: something must be done to make Liesel's home-coming happy . . . but what? She could not give her a pony to replace the horse on the farm which she had driven in the sledge that winter; there was a spaniel . . . but these rides on the dust-cart ought to stop . . . she had ridden to the centre of Hanover one day that winter . . . amongst the cars, 'buses and trams. Well, there was always a way . . . Suddenly, an idea came: if she couldn't be given the animals, then she must be lent some, but how? where? There was only the Hanover Zoo, where there were little ponies in the Children's Corner.

Edith called one of the tutors of the P.U.S. class which was held in the house. She asked him to ring up the Director of the Zoo and ask if they would accept a little girl of ten years of age as a pupil-worker in the Children's Corner for the last two weeks of the Easter holidays. The tutor gasped, but rang up the Director, who at first refused but, after consultation with a colleague, agreed to interview the child.

Liesel came home, protesting, from her beloved mountains, her dear Mother Knorr (the forester's wife), and her animals. She was surprised, but delighted, at the thought of going to the Zoo. She set off with the tutor next morning for her interview. At the office the tutor was told that Liesel must go in alone to the Director. Behind the desk sat a giant of a man, a big-game hunter, who had lost some fingers in a tussle with a lion. He looked at Liesel and smiled; he must have liked her healthy, bright little face and blonde hair. Well, she could come and work at the Children's Corner for two weeks, if she could stand the hours of 8 till 12, and 2 to 7.

Liesel's father laughed at the whole thing and said that after four or five days the child would be sick of the job. They fetched her at the Zoo at midday; she was covered with perspiration, dust and horse-hairs, but a happier child there never was. There were several other children working there, who were paid; she had had lovely romps with them between jobs during the morning. They had to groom fourteen tiny Shetlands, feed them, and clean their saddles and bridles ready for the afternoon, when visiting children came to ride them. They helped clean and tend the tiny monkeys, special breeds of fowl, guinea-pigs, goats and any other young animal who happened to be a boarder of that part of the Zoo. The afternoon was spent in leading the ponies round and round the ring, and in attending the shows given in the small Marionette Theatre in the Children's Corner, during which time the riding ceased. After six o'clock that part of the Zoo was closed; the children tended the ponies, had a last romp, and went joyfully home through the beautiful gardens of the Zoo. Every evening the Director came to

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watch his young students for a few minutes. Liesel's Mother came to fetch her one evening after she had worked there for five days . . . she was riding in the ring, under the supervision of the Directrice of that part of the Zoo, Frau Peterson, widow of a famous trainer of camels, elephants and horses, who had spent her life in circus work. The Director was watching, and gave instructions that as the child rode so well she must next day exercise the Shetland stallion. This horrified the Directrice, who considered the stallion quite unsafe, but the Director insisted and made a rule of coming most days himself to supervise the exercise. This was a great success and the clever little stallion, after some protest, soon became as keen as anyone on turning, pacing and generally obeying orders as directed. It was a pretty sight to see the little girl, fair hair flying, riding the beautiful coal-black pony.

Liesel became every day more enchanted by her work at the Zoo. Frau Peterson kept very strict discipline during working hours, and allowed no disobedience at all. The children were never allowed out of the small enclosure, in fact they were not allowed out of sight; if they disobeyed they were punished by not being allowed to ride after work, or to have their usual romp.

Liesel often slept at the Zoo, in Frau Peterson's cottage in the Children's Corner at week-ends. Early on Sunday mornings she was allowed to ride round the whole Zoo, bells ringing on the bridle. She sometimes did this also during the week, and this was considered a good advertisement for riding in the Children's Corner, but was only possible when the crowds had thinned.

Liesel's whole family soon learnt to know the Zoo extremely well . . . she told

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them of new cubs, baby monkeys, etc., and these they were always taken to see, when they came to fetch her in the evenings . . . accompanied by all the other small students, jumping, laughing and shouting as they dashed through the scented gardens.

The two weeks were soon over, but the Director begged for her to stay on as long as she wished, so it was arranged for her lessons to take place only in the morning and she continued to work at the Zoo till

ADVENTURES WITH BIRDS

by Ursula W. Brighouse (Parent and ex P.U.S.)

I CAN'T REMEMBER when my adventures with birds began, but they seem to have been going on all my life. Everything a little out of the ordinary was an adventure. I have a vivid recollection of my first baby cuckoo, in a hedgesparrow's nest . . . the hideous creature, rearing up and puffing itself out to an enormous size, opening that vast red mouth until it looked big enough to swallow me! It was revolting and fascinating. Then there was the thrush that built a most decorative nest of flowers out of the rockery, the pied wagtail that built between two seed-boxes in the greenhouse, and the hedgesparrow that lined its nest quite unmistakably with my aunt's red hair.

To this period of early childhood, too, belongs the memory of the blackbird's evening song, which I shall carry in my head and heart for always. I associate it with the drowsy feeling that comes just before sleep, the rustle of the heavy curtains as the breeze sucked them to the open window and let them flop back again, and

the family left Germany. But Liesel missed the Zoo when she went to live in Belgium, so she went back to Germany with her parents on holiday the next summer, and spent half her time in her beloved Harz with the forester, and the other half with the family of her tutor, from where she went to the Zoo every day to work as before. She found her former little friends still there, and they spent the usual happy days together.

the occasional sound of grown-up talk and laughter floating up from the drawing-room below. My particular blackbird had one snatch of song so sweet and beautiful that it gave me a strange feeling inside — an uplifting joy that was almost a pain. Other birds were singing too, but I was listening to the blackbird — waiting for my song to come round again and hoping that I wouldn't fall asleep in the meantime. What strange beings grown-ups must be if they could laugh and talk just as though nothing were happening!

Soon after my tenth birthday infantile paralysis threatened to put a stop to bird-watching, which had by now become my favourite hobby. But one of the beauties of bird-watching is that no special physical assets are required beyond good eyes and ears. Even during the months in bed my feathered friends provided me with memorable adventures — a robin who allowed himself to be coaxed daily on to a table in my bedroom for crumbs; a starling, known to us as Susie because of her

cheery call, 'Wait for Susie,' interspersed with imitations of hens and that characteristic, watery purring. During this time, too, came an introduction to Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selbourne*, which gave me new ideas about bird-watching. And as my health returned I became a member of the British Empire Naturalists' Association, of which there was a flourishing branch in our neighbourhood. We used to meet early on Sunday mornings, may be 6 or 7 a.m., at a pre-arranged place. Our little party usually consisted of two farmers, their wives and sons, the station-master, the school-master's son, the postman, my aunt and myself. Many a mile did those splendid people carry me — bandy-chair or pick-a-back — so that I should not miss any of the adventures. And they were many. Pheasants' eggs mysteriously in a duck's nest; a nightingale's nest with four lovely dark green eggs (I remember our leader's excited words, 'Take a good look everybody! These are the first and last nightingale's eggs you are ever likely to see outside a collection'); our leader's imitation of a cuckoo's call — so real that the answering bird flew low over us, searching for a mate he did not find!

Three or four years' membership of this splendid society taught me these things. I gained knowledge from the enthusiastic grown-ups, both about birds and in the art of stalking and observing. I became quite suddenly *aware* of the pleasure to be gained from bird-watching. I learned the importance of a reliable handbook for identification, and how to use it.

When I was fourteen I was sent to a boarding school in Surrey, and as I could not play games or go for walks I had a splendid opportunity of pursuing my favourite hobby. The grounds were

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large, hilly and wooded. Everything was so different from the flat cultivated land of home. The first lesson to be learned from the strange new surroundings was that the same birds in Surrey do not sing quite the same songs as they do in Lincolnshire. Even the totally different acoustics played tricks. All had to be learned again. I remember what a lot of trouble the great tit caused me, and how many times I followed him up, thinking he must be some bird unknown to me! But there were many rich rewards — many kinds of warblers I had little chance to study at home, and nuthatches, bullfinches and long-tailed tits. The greatest single adventure was undoubtedly a wood lark's nest, which I found in a wood of Spanish chestnuts after five hours' stalking. As I watched the yellowish-brown bird with strange, arresting movements, and a song that I can only describe as sounding like a cork being squeaked in a bottle-neck, I couldn't imagine what it might be. But later, with a nest of eggs to help in identification, the mystery was triumphantly solved.

It was also in Surrey that the goldcrest became such an everyday acquaintance that, at a later date, I very unexpectedly found a nest by seeing the tiny green bird slip out of a shoulder-high branch of a fir-tree. Perhaps that was the greatest adventure of all, for although the birds are not uncommon, the nests are extremely difficult to find. I returned to the spot some weeks later when the nest was deserted and brought the branch back with me — mainly as *proof* to my sceptical friends. My pride knew no bounds when an ornithologist of considerable local repute told me that in his whole life he had only seen three such nests — and he didn't find any of them himself. The nest itself was

of moss, lichen and cobwebs, lined with hair and feathers, and cleverly slung below the branch like a hammock, several of the smaller twigs being pulled down and woven into the nest to give support. The whole thing was incredibly small and neat, and it seemed hard to believe that a family had been reared in it.

This last adventure was a comparatively recent one, and the scene now shifts once more to Lincolnshire, during the 1940's, when again the simple, fascinating and inexpensive hobby of bird-watching took the place of other pleasures that were out of reach—this time because of the war. Now I was married and had a creeper-covered house and half an acre of garden, with trees, shrubs and well-grown hedges. It was a marvellous place for birds, and I did all I could to encourage them. One year twenty-eight nests were actually recorded within the half-acre, and these were of sixteen different kinds. Besides plenty of the commoner ones like thrushes, blackbirds and hedg sparrows, I was happy to be able to include a spotted flycatcher, a small colony of tree sparrows in a hollow elm, and a goldfinch which made a nest of forget-me-nots. The tree sparrows were something quite new to me, and I remember how my heart jumped when I first realised that the ordinary-looking sparrow outside my kitchen window had a bright ginger topknot. This was no house sparrow. It *could* only be a tree sparrow. I flew for the reference book. Yes, there it was quite unmistakably, with ginger head, white cheeks and small, neat, black moustaches! During the following months I saw them every day at such close quarters that I could never again muddle the two. Everything the tree sparrow does is a shade neater, a shade more 'respectable' than his cheeky cousin.

Even his chirrup, though similar, is a little more 'refined.'

One other adventure must be fully told. Towards the end of March 1941 a rather unpractical song thrush decided to build a nest on a ledge two inches wide in the gable of my roof. Needless to say, every piece of grass fell to the ground as soon as she tried to put it in place. At first she flew off to find another bit. Later she simply flew down to the ground and picked up a bit from the ever-growing heap below the ledge. I watched this amazing performance for over a fortnight, and she worked desperately almost every daylight hour of that time. How long it would have gone on I cannot imagine, but in the end I took compassion on the silly bird. I called in a young enthusiast who, with the help of a ladder from the farm next door, climbed up and nailed a board on the ledge, making a platform about six inches by ten, with nails sticking up round the edge to prevent the nest blowing off. The nest was *complete* in three days, and before a week was out she was 'sitting.' Even then the thrush's adventures were not over. I remember that a day or so before the young birds flew, a sparrow hawk discovered the nest. The weather was warm and my husband and I were sitting in the garden. The first thing we noticed was a most unnatural silence—a silence so intense that we could not fail to be aware of it. One could *feel* that something was about to happen. Then I saw a silent shadow slip from the apple-tree close at hand, and move a little further away from us. It was a sparrow hawk and was undoubtedly after our young thrushes. Mrs. Thrush was standing on the corner of the platform with her young ones behind her. She was poised in a defiant attitude, with her feathers drawn in tightly to

her body so that she looked strangely long and thin. She kept this position—and I never saw her move so much as an eye—for over one and a half hours. The hawk made three or four more visits to the garden that afternoon. We never saw him come and seldom saw him go. He just appeared in his stealthy way, and each time we first became aware of his presence by the deathly hush that fell upon the garden. At length my husband got his gun. He did not have to wait long. There was the hawk in the apple-tree, not ten yards from the thrushes, the villain! One bang and he slipped out of sight and did not return. He was not hurt, but must have realised that we meant business. The young thrushes were safe and life and song returned to the garden.

It is easy to be led away on a quest for the 'rare' without realising how much we all have to learn about the commonest of our birds. Why do starlings continue to congregate in their thousands far into the breeding season? Do tits do more harm than good to fruit buds while searching the trees for grubs? Do female robins *really* sing a song indistinguishable from the male? In 1941 I was able to answer this last question, at least to my own satisfaction. Once again my observation post was the kitchen window. The robin's nest was in the bottom of a hawthorn hedge barely five yards from the window. I knew the female from her mate because for some reason or other she had no tail. I watched both birds closely and was surprised to find that though she made no attempt to find her own food while brooding the eggs, she would sit on a branch and sing snatches of song every bit as full-blooded as the male. In fact they frequently held lively conversations in this manner. It is from little bits of observa-

tion such as this, carefully collected, recorded and passed on, that our knowledge of birds is gradually built up. The compilers of reference books do not draw upon their own knowledge only, and the text is usually full of references to the observations of other people—nearly all of them amateurs. The same story has to be heard from many different sources before it is regarded as proven. The importance of records cannot be over-estimated—memory is such a fickle friend—and although the pure pleasure of any hobby can be spoilt by being taken too seriously, it is obviously more fun to find, on looking through other years' records, that the blackbird is nesting a week earlier than ever before.

Bird-watchers, like fishermen, have an endless supply of anecdotes—though the former are usually more truthful! To me bird-watching has been one of the greatest joys of my life. It has never become an obsession to the exclusion of other things, and I have never wished to become 'an expert'—confining myself to a mere curiosity, which from the age of about six has possessed me. When I sit back to contemplate the subject my mind flies away to the earliest years, the blackbird's evening song and the never-ending background of the rooks, cawing in their gentle, homely way, in the rookery about my childhood home. There was something so sweet and fresh, so wholesome and innocent about that first awakening of my love for and curiosity about birds. I could wish for nothing better for my own three children. How far the feeling can be engendered I do not know. Too much encouragement might nip it in the bud. It must be put in their way so that they experience *for themselves* the secret thrill of each new discovery. *That* is the essence

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of the game. If anything unusual comes our way I draw the children's attention to it and leave it at that. Usually my well-thumbed reference books come out and the game of identification is on. And next time they will remember. There was a

greater spotted woodpecker that came every morning for a while last winter, to peck at an apple which had fallen from the tree and lodged in the top of the hedge . . . but there I go again!

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

by Roxane Willey

(ex-Pupil, Snelsmore House P.N.E.U. School, Nr. Newbury)

AFTER DISCUSSING the question with a comparatively large number of people, I found that the great majority of them either looked back into the past and spoke nostalgically of 'the good old days,' or eagerly awaited the future as the bringer of good things, but that very few were prepared to acknowledge and accept the immediate present as being the best days of their lives. As a student of Dramatic Art at a London Academy, I am one of the very few. I have been training now for over a year, and I sometimes wonder whether it is possible for anyone to lead a happier, more hectic life than my fellow-students and I.

There are about a hundred of us at the Academy, the average age being eighteen for the girls and twenty-two for the men, but this has dropped considerably during the years since the war. The academic day begins at 10.0 a.m. in the Assembly Room where we gather for roll-call, a reading from the Bible by Sir Kenneth Barnes, an instructor or one of the students, and any notices which the Principal may give out concerning changes in the time-table, forthcoming visits by celebrities, etc., etc. At 10.30 a.m. the classes start and these last for an hour each, the only exception being the acting periods for

which we are given two hours. At 12.30 p.m. we break for lunch and return to the theatre, or wherever we are working, an hour later: two more hours of instruction, half an hour for tea, work again for another hour, and then home. Not a very arduous day, one would think, seeing it written down like that, but the work we do is tremendously concentrated and very often an emotional strain, and therefore tiring. Many freshmen find they simply cannot cope with it and begin to look worn-out and depressed, but by the middle of their second term they are usually able to adapt themselves and discover the correct method of working.

Our classes are so closely related to each other that it is very difficult to tabulate them, but for convenience they may be said to fall roughly into four groups:

- A. The actor's craft and the production of plays;
- B. The history of the theatre; and art, modes and manners relative to it;
- C. The correct use of our bodies; and
- D. The training of our voices.

In Group A comes the whole technique of acting and stage-craft. We learn to acquire confidence and attack, and how to tackle a big part so that it reaches a good

standard of performance in a short time. We must have a working knowledge of stage-lighting and scenic-design, and are taught to cast and produce plays of every variety. On the whole one should avoid the temptation of casting for type rather than ability, and always remember that actors are not puppets and should not be over-produced. It is rare for an actor to conceive the play as a whole, but the producer must always do this and therefore it is he alone who can fit together the jigsaw pieces of his cast so that they form a pleasing whole. The good producer needs infinite skill, patience, and above all, tact, for actors are temperamental creatures at the best of times! So we learn to be competent actors, producers, stage-managers and stage-mechanics.

Group B more or less explains itself. We trace the history of the drama from the days of Aeschylus and Sophocles and their great tragedies, through the old religious and morality plays to the greatest bard of them all; and after Shakespeare, Congreve and Sheridan and their plays of the Restoration, then Ibsen and Tchekov, and finally to our present-day Shaw and Coward, Eliot and Fry. In our first term we study costume, architecture and art in relation to the theatre. For example, it is obviously impossible to achieve the atmosphere of Restoration comedy without a knowledge of the Georgians' surroundings, dress and daily life, and consequently their attitude of mind. When a student enters a room as a character of that period, we must know from the first day of rehearsal (that is, without props. or costume) exactly what scene he will see before him. He must remember that even if in actual fact his leading lady is dressed in a grubby pair of slacks and a faded sweater, he cannot walk too closely be-

hind her because he will tread on the flowing skirts of her magnificent ball-gown; he has to know that he cannot sit down as swiftly and carelessly as his old corduroys would lead him to believe, because his breeches are of superb cut and fit without a wrinkle. These facts and many more must be learnt and assimilated until they become so much a part of him that he has only to step on to a stage in a character of any period and every gesture and action will be instinctively right.

This leads on to Group C. Much of our time is spent in physical training of one kind or another. Ballet classes include Russian and Spanish dancing, minuets and gavottes, as well as a grounding in the elementary steps and positions of classical ballet. They are enormously useful in helping a student to gain grace of movement and an awareness of self-presentation, not only on the stage but in everyday life, and with these come the self-assurance and poise which are essential if his audience is to feel happy and at ease. We all know how agonising it is to watch an actor who is so mastered by stage-fright that his legs do nothing but get in his way and his hands shake so violently that he appears to be setting light to his nose instead of his cigarette. With very few exceptions the girls love the ballet classes, but the men are not so enthusiastic and some of the larger ex-service individuals have been known to complain whilst struggling with their *pas de basques* that they want to become actors, not fairies!

The Movement and Deportment Class, however, is one which everyone enjoys. In it we are taught to sit, stand, walk and fall properly and are coached in the special movement of any mannered or difficult play we may be doing. For an example, I again quote the Restoration play, because

that is more mannered than any other. The men must know how to bow over a woman's hand with a gallant flourish, how to flutter a wisp of lace-edged nonsense with the utmost grace and delicacy, and be able to take either snuff or a sword-thrust with the acme of elegance. The girls, too, must spend hours acquiring perfection in the turn of their wrists as they handle a fan, using it to denote displeasure or boredom, coquetry or shyness, or merely to display the superb line from head to shoulder which must be maintained even though it means a stiff neck for weeks afterwards. Full court-curtsies in layers of petticoats are by no means easy if they are to be performed with the necessary beauty of execution, and few people watching the apparent ease of such a curtsy on the stage would guess at the many painful and undignified lessons in tights and a brief tunic which preceded it. Fencing, too, comes into this group, again helping to develop self-assurance and poise and also swiftness of thought in a tricky situation. Accidents on the stage will happen even in the best of theatrical circles, and if the actor's brain is trained to cope with them quickly and effectively, so much the better.

Stage make-up, which is an art in itself, is the last subject in this group, but it is such a wide one that I cannot give here more than the briefest outline of it. We learn about the many different colours, how to blend and apply them. We study the features of at least ten racial types and discover how to adapt our own to them with the aid of grease-paint and nothing more. We must be able to use colours, lines and shadings to such effect that within a quarter of an hour we can appear as any character, from Cleopatra to one of the witches in *Macbeth* or as an ordi-

nary person of any age between ten and a hundred. The great temptation for all beginners is, of course, to apply an exaggerated make-up and produce a caricature, and one sees them in their end-of-term shows blinking blearily but cheerfully through grease-paint half an inch thick.

Group D is the most extensive and arduous of the four. So much depends upon an actor's voice. First of all he has to get it placed. Then he learns to project it and give it resonance and tone so that he can use it in a big theatre for many hours a week without strain. He may speak with a dialect, possibly very slight and involving only one or two vowel sounds, but it must be cured. Very often a new student's voice is back in his throat, nasal or breathy, faults which are never noticed in everyday life but which the theatre will not tolerate. He is told that his jaw and lips are stiff and his tongue flabby at the tip and arched at the back and that his teeth are getting in the way. He may even be unfortunate and have a definite lisp. All these imperfections must be tackled and put right, and this means hours and hours of wearisome practice and exercises. His reward is that gradually his voice becomes flexible, pleasant to listen to and without tricks, and his speech beautifully clear and articulated even when swift or conveying emotion. The student must learn how to breathe properly. He has to learn that he has a diaphragm and how to use it, and when he has discovered that, the muscles connected with it, his lungs and his ribs are trained to work so that by the aid of rib-reserve and correct breathing he gains complete breath-control. Singing is a great aid to him in this, but the real secret of success is exercises, exercises and still more exercises until he practically drives both himself and the

household in which he lives to the point of suicide.

Once trained and out in the world he has to find himself a job and endeavour to keep it. If he has sufficient luck, contacts, determination and talent, he may be fortunate, but nine times out of ten he is not. Every actor knows only too well the depressing task of writing countless letters to producers and casting directors without result. He employs an agent and hopes that he may be lucky, but there is no certainty. The films, the B.B.C. and television occasionally accept the newly-trained actor, but it is very rare. After all, why should they when there are so many unemployed actors with considerably more reputation and experience? Equity estimates that over fifty per cent. of the

professional actors in this country to-day are involuntarily idle, and with the rising cost of living there may well be a slump in the theatre. Unless he becomes a star, an actor's life is always precarious, always insecure and uncertain.

You ask the obvious question, 'Is it worth it?' And my answer comes, unhesitatingly, 'To the true actor, yes, every time.' Even in our student days we have a thrill in our work and a sense of comradeship and adventure which many people seem to lack. We do not face the future with our eyes shut. We know it will be an uphill struggle all the way, at times difficult and exhausting almost to breaking-point. But for us the theatre has a fascination that will hold us in thrall to the end of our days.

LETTER FROM A PRESENT STUDENT AT THE CHARLOTTE MASON COLLEGE

DEAR P.U.S.,

Next year the Charlotte Mason College will be celebrating its Diamond Jubilee, just one year after the P.U.S. Jubilee. The College was founded by Miss Mason in 1892 to train teachers for work in P.U.S. home-schoolrooms and, later, for work in P.N.E.U. schools. At the present time, students, when they have qualified, obtain posts in state-maintained schools as well as in P.N.E.U. and other independent schools, and their teaching practice while at College is equally divided between the Practising School and the local schools. It is a great advantage having this experience of various methods of teaching, and thus in the field of education as well as in other subjects the College gives a very wide general training.

During the first four terms of College the curriculum includes lectures on such subjects as Geology, Astronomy, General History, Physiology, Geography, Biology, Mathematics, Languages and Art and Crafts. Where the student is familiar with the subject she finds the approach to it new, because she has to consider how to teach it; where the subject is new, the student learns it first and then considers the teaching of it. Much of the practical knowledge about the presentation of different subjects to the children is gained, not from lectures, but from watching other students teaching the children of the practising school. This is a most terrifying ordeal for the student teaching, but the audience is very sympathetic, and they do discover a great deal about what to do

or not to do in a lesson, which they might otherwise only have discovered, each one, at the expense of her own class. Sometimes the students practise their lessons with one another instead of the children, and it is surprising how easily the students manage to disport themselves as IA's, or even younger children, in a P.T. lesson!

At the time of writing this I am in the last term of my third year at the College, and I can now look back over the whole course and realise what a great help it has been in College work to have had a P.N.E.U. education and background. To many new students the initials P.N.E.U. are just so many letters, and they must feel themselves plunging not only into new surroundings, a new community and new work, which one would find on entering any new College, but also, one might say, into a new world — a world of different aims and ideals, and of a width and scope that I myself am only just beginning to realise. In the train on my first journey up from Euston I remember asking another of the present third years, who at that time was just as new and frightened as myself, if she had been to a P.N.E.U. school. She looked quite bewildered; and I was equally surprised to find someone coming to this College who knew nothing about the work of the P.N.E.U. Friendly as was the welcome of the other students and the staff, it certainly gave an added feeling of security to know something of that work, and to know that one was in a familiar world.

My career in the P.U.S. began at the age of five when I went for two terms to a P.N.E.U. boarding school. I returned there again when I was eleven and there spent six of the happiest years of my life.

I remember being reasonably interested in most branches of the work, except Latin — and even about that I had the conviction that I could like it if I only knew the groundwork well enough — an effort I was not prepared to make at school.

The school years that stand out most in my memory are those spent in the School Certificate Form and in the Sixth Form, and I remember particularly our delight in the Sixth Form when we began to see how all knowledge fits into a wonderful pattern, rather like a jigsaw puzzle which you can go on building up for yourself when once you have learnt how to begin. At times each lesson seemed to give the clue for fitting in another piece, that possibly up till that time had stood by itself as an isolated fact.

But it was not until I came to College and to take each form in turn during my teaching practice that I had the full joy of seeing how the presentation of all the different pieces at the appropriate times had been carefully planned throughout the years, and I was often able to remember how the particular subject had appealed to me at that age. The ex-P.U.S. student has a great advantage in having had a first-hand experience of almost all the subjects she finds herself preparing to teach. She is, too, familiar with a great many of the books on the programme, and in teaching a particular form has a clear picture of the work that has gone before, and of that which is to follow.

Our teaching practice in the Practising School can be quite simply divided into two parts — each set of students teaches for one year in the Junior School, and then for one year in the Senior School. Depending on the size of the set, each student is at school about two or three times a term,

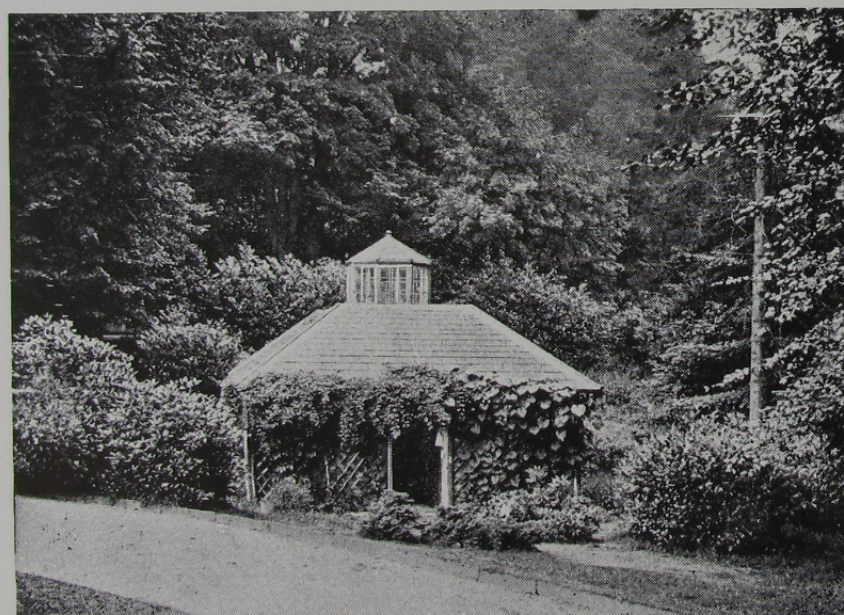
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PRACTISING SCHOOL, 1922



ON THE TERRACE

of which one week may be spent in helping the Matron in the boarding house rather than teaching. We also have three periods of four weeks in the State schools, two of which come during the second year, and the third and final teaching practice is the third year.

From my own point of view some of College work has been fascinatingly new. I came to love Latin because we started again from the very beginning, and thus I was able to strengthen my shaky foundations. The Craft work was, for the most part, quite new to me, and while involving much study of technique, particularly in crafts such as basket-work and book-binding, has been an enjoyable side-line to the more serious studies. Lectures on Musical Theory and Percussion Band during the first year were very interesting and most amusing. Each student has to learn the piano for at least a year at College, and although this produces some rather excruciating noises when two people are practising in adjoining rooms, I think most of those who keep up their music during the three years at College would agree that it is well worth-while. I think all the students look forward to the Scripture lectures on Monday mornings, and Musical Appreciation on Friday evening is eagerly awaited each week. Picture Study and Architecture lectures are given only to the third years, and they come as a welcome break among their other lectures, which for the most part are concerned with their examination subjects. Students have to study two subjects to a higher level, or one to the higher and two to a lower level for their final examinations, now that the College has been affiliated to the Manchester University School of Education.

Physical activities in College consist of games twice a week, hockey or netball in the winter, tennis, rounders or cricket for the enthusiasts in the summer; P.T. and Basic Movement each once a week; and country dancing. Each year the College gives a country dance party to which some of the local country dance clubs are invited, and a large number of students usually attend the Grasmere winter and summer country dance parties. The summer one is particularly delightful when sometimes you dance outside on the lawn from about 5.30—9.30 p.m.

During the term there are many opportunities for exploring the lovely countryside. 'Bus services from Ambleside are really very good, and make walks near Derwentwater, Windermere, Conistone and Langdale quite possible. Those with bicycles have a much greater opportunity of exploring new places, and the more energetic students prefer to see the countryside from the tops of the mountains rather than from the valleys! The latter can join the College Climbing Club and during the summer term spend a Saturday night at one of the Youth Hostels in this district, for example in Patterdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale, or Wasdale.

On Saturday there is always the attraction of the local cinemas, and quite often there are good concerts in Kendal or even a French play in Morecombe. We usually have a musical recital in College once a term, and also lectures and film shows from visitors.

Twenty-first birthday parties seem to loom rather large in one's memories of College — especially in the third year. We also seem to find numerous pretexts for parties at other times; these are small informal affairs in the bedrooms in the

evening—usually in pyjamas and dressing-gowns just before going to bed. Of the more formal social events the mixed dance held at the end of the Christmas term is the most outstanding. The arrangements for this are left completely in the hands of the students, and so far the dances have been a great success.

The College itself stands in lovely grounds, and the 'terrace' is a path that is well-worn and well-loved by all students. The banks below the terrace are covered first with daffodils in early spring and later with bluebells; nearer the house are enormous rhododendron bushes and azalias. The dining-room tables are traditionally decorated with wild flowers, and a great number of students leave College with an enthusiasm for Nature Study. Nature Walks form part of the week's routine, and on half-day holidays or at the week-ends students are often to be seen returning from their outings with specimens for their Nature Note Books.

It is impossible to mention all the

College activities, but something must be said of the College Cadet Company. People who have never been Guides or Brownies before, often join the Company and find themselves becoming very interested in the Guide Movement. As Cadets we are training to be future Guiders, and some of us have opportunities of helping, while at College, with the school Brownies and Guides.

Once during each student's College career comes the Conference, when old students flock back to Ambleside to meet their friends, to revive their memories of College, and to refresh themselves by coming again to the place where Miss Mason lived and inspired them with her ideals. In September we, too, shall be teaching amongst those old students whom we met at the Conference, and shall feel proud, on leaving College, to become members of the P.N.E.U.—a vital and growing movement with roots in many parts of the world.

ANN TEMPLE (C.M.C.)

OVERSTONE—THE FIRST TERM, SEPTEMBER 1929

by Pamela Croome (Ex-P.U.S. Pupil)

IN THE BEGINNING we were only fourteen. The youngest was, I remember, eleven and a half and the oldest about sixteen. There were seven 'staff' to instruct, minister to and entertain us! Most of all comes back the lovely cedar-grown garden; the freedom of the great park; large airy rooms all polished wood and gay chintz; log fires, that first autumn, fit to roast the proverbial ox; food—one of the Big Things to a skinny twelve-year-old! My Mother jokingly complained afterwards that I was spoilt by the delicious school

meals and I remember one whole stone of weight was gained in three months!

Rules, I remember, were the minimum. Always go about the park in threes; don't take food up to any of the three bedrooms; don't talk once you were tucked up for the night. I really believe those were all! And it was always big motherly Mrs. Esslemont who did the tucking up—fourteen personal goodnights every single night. What a sense of security and cosiness that personal touch brought in a strange, vast, under-populated building.

I remember, too, all the laughter of that early term. We were a sufficiently small community to share all jokes; to know each other's foibles. There remains, too, a great sense of adventure; we were at the beginning. We were to build the future of Overstone by our behaviour and our achievements, by our foolishness, by our determination.

Freedom, responsibility, adventure, laughter, happiness, music and the whole world of English literature breaking on my mind—could one have better memories of a great beginning?

THE WILDERNESS P.N.E.U. SCHOOL, MEDINDIE, S. AUSTRALIA by an ex-Pupil

THE WILDERNESS IS UNIQUE in Australia as a girls' school which has been conducted by members of one much-loved family for sixty-seven years.

Miss Margaret Brown, the founder, is the eldest of four sisters, all of whom have had a lifetime's share in the work. The youngest, Miss Mamie Brown, is now Principal. Since 1928 it has been a P.N.E.U. school, and nowhere in the world are Miss Mason's ideals more deeply cherished.

The school is unpretentiously housed in a cluster of buildings which have grown up about the family home, a two-story old colonial dwelling garlanded by Virginia vine and standing in a garden of flowering trees and sweet-scented shrubs. To this home the Brown family came in 1885. Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, the parents, were Scottish and Miss Margaret Brown herself was born in Edinburgh. She had opened her first governess class at the

former home, Man Terrace, North Adelaide, to teach her youngest sister, Mamie, and three other small children. It was a task for which she was equipped with a sound education, a course at the Teachers' Training College and a quite exceptional ability to impart knowledge.

To buy the Wilderness property with little capital but ability and courage was a most daring venture for the young Scottish teacher, but her family, from parents to the youngest brothers and sisters, gave her the whole-hearted co-operation which ensured its success.

Kindergarten, boarding and day school all grew rapidly, and kept pace with widening demands. The founder and her sisters, Miss Annie, Miss Wynne and Miss Mamie, were keenly interested in school libraries, equipment for science studies, dramatic work, sport and handicrafts; they were all excellent tennis players themselves and shared in every interest of their pupils, in school and out of it. The home itself had its own tradition of happiness, kindness and boundless hospitality, which entwined with the life of the school and became inseparable from it. Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, in their long lifetime, contributed much to the homely atmosphere of the boarding-school; it was Mrs. Brown who, as a very old and very charming lady, still took the boarders for prayers and taught Scripture in the class-rooms. Their two sons were keenly interested in the sports activities. Even the guests, and they were many, looked upon themselves as members of the very large Wilderness family of pupils, teachers and friends.

Adoption of Charlotte Mason's methods in 1928 was a great stimulus to the school teaching. Of the first pupils who began their preparatory school education under this system one was recently appointed

Professor of Law at the University of Adelaide. Many others have obtained outstanding professional success. To safeguard the future of the school, Miss Mamie recently appointed a board of trustees and one of them, Miss Kathleen Hassell, is now vice-principal. As one of the leading girls' schools in the State, it has never been more popular. For the Jubilee celebration of 1946 thousands came to pay tribute to 'the Browns' and to hold one great, informal party of fellowship and pride. Messages from many parts of the world expressed delight in the school's achievements and affection for its founders.

Those closely in touch with The Wilderness value it for its happiness and its standard of values. Humour, courage, kindness and sturdy common sense have sweetened life there from its beginnings. None who have experienced its atmosphere can ever quite forget the charm of a family school.

THE MINIATURE RIDING STABLE

by Ann Jackson, aged 14
(Home-Schoolroom, Middlesex)

THERE ARE A LOT of children nowadays, who love horses and riding, but cannot keep a horse because of high prices, lack of stabling, and expensive riding clothes. Some children are able to go to a riding stable, or ride a friend's horse. But some cannot even do this. However, let them not be without hope.

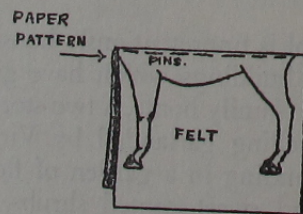
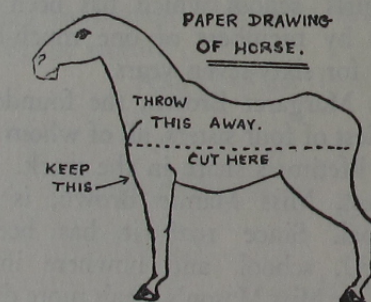
My sister and I love horses, but we cannot afford one. But though we do not have a live horse, we do have the next best thing, and it is this I am going to tell you about.

We have a whole stable of miniature horses made from felt. They are not diffi-

cult to make, and are great fun, because you can groom and look after them, just like a real horse. So if you do ever have a horse, then you will be able to know something about looking after it.

To make a little horse, you will need, a piece of felt about 16 inches square, (Felt is obtainable at needlework shops, or Woolworths, in beautiful colours) some darning wool, a roll of brass picture wire, a packet of cotton wool, pencil, paper, and lastly a needle and cotton. This felt will make a horse about 5 inches from hoofs to the top of his neck, and about 6 inches from his hindquarters to the end of his nose.

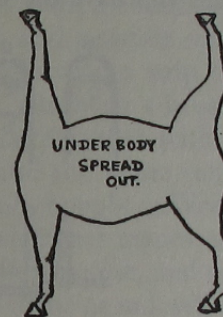
Draw a horse on paper, using these measurements, but make him slightly bigger round the edge than you want him, to allow for stuffing and sewing. Now cut the drawing out carefully, leaving out the ears and tail. Then take the felt, cut



it exactly in half. Take up one half, and fold in half again, so that you have a square. Then pin the drawing on to it, carefully.

Cut the horse out, unpin the drawing,

but do not destroy it. Put it with the other half of felt, for you will need both later. Get a needle and cotton, and start to stitch the felt horse with tiny over-sewing stitches, beginning where his tail will be, and ending at the base of the neck, then fasten off very securely. Take some cotton wool and poke it in his nose very firmly with a knitting-needle. Fluff out some more cotton wool, and stuff the rest of his head, neck, and body. Be quite sure you get the wool very firm, or else he will look all 'knobbly' when finished, and your horse will look horrid.



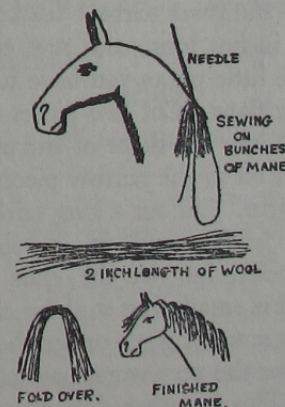
Leave the horse now, and take the other half of felt, and the drawing. Fold the felt in half, then take the drawing, and cut it straight in half, from the base of the neck to the middle of the hindquarters. Throw away the top half which has the head on it, and keep the one which has the legs on it. Pin this on to the felt, and cut it out. This is the underbody, and forms the inside of the legs. Take the rest of the horse, already stuffed, and open the legs. Then fit in the underbody, but make sure that the legs are going the right way, and oversew all round very firmly, leaving one seam of each leg open.

Now, fasten off securely, then take some picture wire. Cut it into 4 lengths, each about 4 inches long, and wrap some cotton wool round each length evenly. Poke each

wire up a leg, then sew up leg seams. It is a good idea to use this wire for the legs, as it bends easily, and makes the horse stand firmer. Trim up the hoofs, and then get a scrap of black felt or leather, and cut it into 4 little strips, big enough to go round each hoof, sew them on, and then cut out 4 little round pieces, and sew them on to the bottom of the hoofs. These give the horse a nice neat finish.

Then take some black cotton or wool, and sew in the eyes. Then cut out two little pointed pieces of felt and sew them on tidily for the ears. If you like, you can sew in the nostrils in pink cotton, but look at a good picture of a horse's head first, and be sure you get their shape and position right.

Now your steed wants a mane. Take a hank of wool or stranded cotton, (which can either be black, or a little bit darker than the horse), and cut a bunch of wool about 2 inches long. If it is wool you will have to thin it out, or it will be too bushy. Fold in half, and stitch on to the neck, and carry on sewing each little 2 inch



bunch separately until you reach the ears. Then take a smaller one and sew it between the ears, for a forelock. Now you can trim up the untidy ends.

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The tail is made just the same, only it is a longer bunch, and is separate. Now your horse is finished, but if you like, a blaze or a white sock can be sewn on in white felt, and make the horse very smart. If you want to take more trouble and time, you can make a saddle and bridle, or the 'tackle' as it is called. You need leather for this, and bundles of leather scraps can be had at handicraft shops, and they are not very expensive.

Take a nice scrap of leather, and cut out a saddle, big enough to fit the horse. Cut out another just the same size, and a third one of felt, slightly smaller than the other two. Now take some wire, and bend into the shape of a T. This is the frame of the saddle. Take the three saddles, and lay the wire T on the felt one, put the leather one on top, and lastly put the other leather one under the felt saddle. Then sew it all round neatly. When this 'sandwich' of saddles has been stitched up, bend the two flaps down.

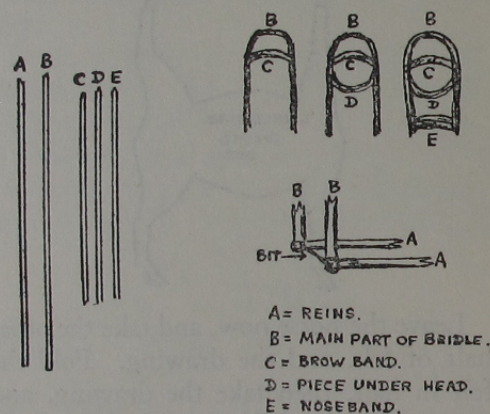
Now cut out two little strips of leather, and sew them on to the top of each flap, then cut out two narrow leather strips about 2 inches long, and sew each one under the little pieces you have just sewn on to the flaps. Cut two pieces of wire, and bend into the shape of stirrups, then sew them on to the narrow pieces. Now for the girth. Cut out a long fairly broad strip of leather and fit it round the horse's belly, but let the ends overlap slightly. Fix small press studs on each end, and then sew the girth under the saddle.

Now for the very worst part of all, the bridle. This is rather difficult, and you will need steady fingers, and patience. If you are feeling cross, you will wreck the whole bridle, so if you are a bit disagreeable by the time you have made the horse

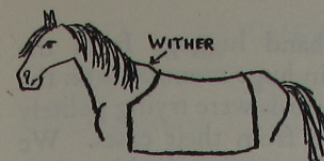
and saddle, leave your sewing until you are better!

Cut out 2 long narrow strips of leather, and 3 short bits; 2 are for the reins and the main part of the bridle and 3 are for the noseband, browband, and the bit under the horse's head. Try them all round the horse's head first, and be sure they are fairly loose.

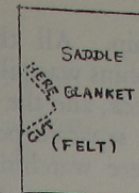
Then take a fine needle and some cotton, and very carefully and neatly sew the bridle together. Now take a strand of picture wire, and push it through the ends of the reins. Then turn up the ends of the wire, and there you have the bit.



Now the horse and tack are finished, but if you like you can get a bit of coloured felt, and make a blanket to make your steed smart when he goes out. But for goodness' sake see that it tones in with the colour of the horse! A bright bay or chestnut with a vivid scarlet blanket is a ghastly combination. Cut out an oblong piece of felt big enough to cover the horse nicely. Fold in half, and cut away one end to make it fit comfortably at the withers, which is the slight hump at the base of the neck. You can embroider and decorate the blanket as you wish, with embroidery silk in various colours.



BLANKET ON HORSE.



My sister and I have a lot of horses, and also a lot of little dolls. We have a riding school in miniature for them, with orange-box stables, and roofs made from corrugated paper painted silver. The stables are divided into stalls by cardboard divisions. Each stall has a green door with the horse's name on it. There is a 'tack' room made from a shoe-box with a cardboard roof, and a saddle rack made from two toy bricks with a strip of wood stuck on them. The horse's brushes are made from old toothbrushes with their handles sawn off, and the mane combs are really eyelash combs bought at Woolworths. But do not comb either manes or tails, or else they will all come out, and what was once a beautiful mane or tail will be reduced to a few straggles of matted wool. So keep the comb for an ornament. No doubt you yourself will be on the lookout for any little odds and ends which can be made into mangers and buckets. You can never quite reach the end of making a riding school, there is always some little detail to make.

You can go on making lots of horses, but you will notice how each one improves. It is very satisfying to look back on them when you are grown up, and you will get endless hours of pleasure out of them.

I do hope you will be able to make a little horse, and that you will enjoy making them as much as I do, and so I will wish you all good luck in the future, and happy horse-making.

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A SPRING SCENE

by Naomi Walford, aged 13
(St. Catherine's P.N.E.U. School,
Bude)

The soulful poet in the spring
Delights to sing of lambs at play.
Enough of him—now let's see what
The housewife has to say!

'The spring! The spring! What of the spring?
I whirl around with carpet broom,
I have no time to think of spring
While turning out a room.

'Mid particles of dancing dust
I track the spider to his lair,
And then with upward stretch and leap
Annihilate him there!'

Though such a different tale is this
From poet's song of budding tree,
Spring-cleaning is as sure a sign
Of spring, you will agree.

A RIDDLE

by Ann Vick, aged 9
(Churcham Primary P.N.E.U.
School)

My first is in female but not in male
My second's in shop but not in sale
My third is in uncle and also in aunt
My fourth is in can and also in can't
My fifth is in turkey but isn't in hen
My sixth is in Andrew but isn't in Ben
My seventh is in ink and also in inkwell
My eighth is in well and also in bell
My ninth is in poppy but in properly too
My tenth is in entry which leads to the Zoo
My eleventh is in end and also begin
With my whole you may write a good prize to win.

A Fountain Pen.

ARRIVAL

by Janet Hovey, aged 13
(Burgess Hill P.N.E.U. School
Sussex)

ON THE FIFTH MORNING of our voyage across the Atlantic in the *Queen Mary*, breakfast was rather a hurried affair, as we were all anxious to catch a first glimpse of the American coastline. We went up to the deck with everyone else and made part of the crowd that lined the rails to watch the grey line against the horizon grow until it was recognizable as land—America. However, it would still be a good many hours before we should be able to see anything, and the crowd gradually dispersed to the usual shipboard recreations. All the morning the shore came gradually nearer, until at about 12 o'clock the ship entered the Hudson River.

Once again we stood among the throng on deck as the *Queen Mary* passed the Statue of Liberty, looking surprisingly small against the enormous background. Then we were passing the Manhattan Sky-line, with the great stone skyscrapers reaching with clean straight lines towards the sky. It was a grey day, the sky covered with grey clouds, the water grey, and the towering buildings looked grey too. It seemed as if everything was made of stone.

As we steamed further up the river we began to be able to see some of the details on shore, rather solid square blocks of buildings, and streets filled with a continuous stream of gaily-coloured cars. At last we arrived at the docks, the engines were shut off, and with much puffing and hooting the tugs nosed the *Queen Mary* in beside the quay.

Then confusion reigned; there were odd pieces of luggage and people all over the

ship. All the hand luggage from the cabins was piled in huge mountains on the deck, and the stewards were trying politely to separate people from their cases. We were watching the perilous-looking luggage conveyor. The men hurled the trunks on to a narrow moving belt which had no sides and was high above the black water. No wonder they put a net underneath, though nothing seemed to fall into it.

At last the seemingly endless formalities were finished and everyone had managed to convince the American officials that they were fit to land in America. Then everybody streamed down the gangway into the vast shed which covered the whole quay, where we were met by an American friend. After going through the customs we followed our friend into a lift to the street level, and watched nervously while our trunks were thrown violently down a kind of moving staircase, at the bottom of which we waited and grabbed them thankfully as they came down. All was noise, porters shouting, the clanking of the mechanical conveyor, and cars hooting as we followed the porter with our trunks out to our friend's car.

Outside there were cars and taxis everywhere, pouring in from under the arches of an elevated railway until they were packed tight together, and painted gaily in bright reds, yellows and greens. We stood waiting by a parapet only a foot high, which was all that separated the street and pavement from the water which was deep enough to hold the *Queen Mary*, which now towered above us only twelve yards away.

At last we were in the car with our luggage piled around us. 'Well,' said our friend, sinking back in his seat, 'how do you like New York?'

A RIVER

by Janet Carver, aged 14
(Overstone P.N.E.U. School,
Northamptonshire)

TO ME THE great river Humber is home. I love it because it seems to bring life into my blood. It may be odd that I should love the Humber, that great swirling water so muddy and so sandy, yet I prefer it to any of the picturesque rivers, where the trout lie, the calm river on which the sun throws its evening light through the delicate branches of the willows.

Many people who may have seen my Humber on a trip to its port, the busy city of Kingston-upon-Hull, may have just turned to their companions and said, 'Ain't that a mucky old stream, 'Arry?' Yet if I was given a thousand pounds, I should not be able to say that without the dreadful feeling of a traitor.

The main reason that I have so much feeling for my river is because I have been brought up on it. Many a time have I rode on its green, grassy flats, with my pony keenly striding forward underneath my grip, with the Humber wind flying through the pony's mane and my hair.

When it has been foggy I have rode beside it, to the sound of the waves lashing the muddy bank and the flicker of the lightship answering to the fog-horn of the coal-barge.

On a bright spring morning I have cantered along its side for two miles, watching the sea-gulls wheeling and screaming, and the rush of the water as a red and black barge continues up its common roadway.

Common roadway did I say—? But this is no common river, a river that bears feeling, a river with a heart. Is it possible that one muddy river, draining a third of

England is my favourite river? Such a companion is difficult to find, this, my greatest friend, shares a place in my heart with my native wolds whom I also love next to my parents and animals.

As the tributaries of the Humber become smaller and smaller, many may consider they become more and more charming and peaceful. Though I admit they are lovely, they certainly have not inherited the understanding of their mother river.

That never-ending line of salt tidal spray is so touching to me, that every inch of the five miles across is thought of when I am separated from it.

I am no great writer, if indeed I was I would certainly write a book to my river. I cannot describe its worth, and love that it means to me, nor its beauty in a way not to be understood by the person with no imagination—but can say that when I urge my pony on over its flats on the last day of the holidays, and when I have shut that great wooden gate that keeps me from the Humber, as my eye takes the last look behind me, I turn my face, not daring to look again for fear the tears which are very near, should spring to my eyes.

WHO IS HE?

by Kilmore Kimmins, aged 9
(Ashbourne P.N.E.U. School, Derby)

He wanders slowly through the night
Eating beetles at one bite
Digging for a grub or two
Cobbling hard the whole night through.
Enemies why he doesn't even care or fear
He rolls up tight if anybody dares come near—
Off they go, been pricked enough of spears so brown.
Guess his name and write it down.

MY TRIP TO SOMERSET

by Ellen Goyder, aged 10
(Highlands P.N.E.U. School,
Henley-on-Thames)

DURING THE Easter holidays, I went, with my Mother and Father, to Somerset. We started at five o'clock one evening, and after meeting my Father at Reading Station went out of Reading by the Bath Road. We passed through Newbury, and Marlborough, and just before it began to get dark, we passed the Isle of Athelney, where King Alfred hid from the Danes, and burnt the cakes.

Near the town of Devizes we saw one of the 'white horses' on the hill. This one looked as if it was standing still. We stayed the night at a hotel in Frome. If we had not managed to get rooms there, we should have gone on to Wells.

I was almost sorry that they could put us up, for it was only eight o'clock, and I wanted to go to bed later. We had an excellent supper, of three courses, and then Mummy said I oughtn't to go to bed, on top of a heavy supper, so we went into the drawing-room, and looked at magazines. Then I went to bed.

I had a lovely little room, on the third storey; it was small, but large enough for me. There was a large vase of polyanthus on the dressing-table. I climbed into bed, and was soon asleep, for I was tired.

I woke fairly early next morning, and the sun was shining through the window, and the sky was blue; another fine day. I got out of bed, and looked out of the window. Below me was a small, pretty garden. Behind that were more houses, and behind them were the hills. I got into bed, and got the book I had brought with me. It was, *The Good Companions*, by J. B. Priestly. I read till there was a knock

at the door. It was one of those doors, that, when you shut them, they lock, but, I had already opened it a little way. Daddy came in, and he was dressed, and told me that he had already been outside.

After that, a maid came in with early morning tea, for Mummy had asked for us to have it, the night before. There were three lumps of sugar in a bowl, and I did not put any in my tea, but ate one, and stored the other two in my pocket! Then I got dressed, and went downstairs.

We were having an eight o'clock breakfast, and most of the people in the hotel were still in bed, so that the dining-room was deserted, when we went in, except for a bald gentleman in a corner. More people came in while we were having breakfast, mostly men, so I suppose the women we had seen in the drawing-room, were still in bed.

I got two lumps of sugar (one from each cup of coffee), and put them in my coat pocket (making four). After breakfast, I went upstairs to get my things and after that, I went into Mummy's and Daddy's room. Their tray, from the early morning tea, was still there, and in their bowl of sugar, there were about five lumps! I asked Mummy if I could have them, and she said, 'Yes.' I took three, and then I thought it would be a pity to leave two behind, so I took those as well.

We started off at about nine-thirty, and I had already eaten two of my lumps of sugar. It was so warm that Daddy said we could have the roof of the car down. With the car-roof down it was very windy, so Mummy and I had to put scarves round our heads. It was a lovely day, and very warm, some of the trees were green, and some were bare. We saw the edge of Exmoor.



This Chapel of Our Lady, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London, was given by pupils, parents and friends in memory of Laura Faunce, Founder and Principal of the P.N.E.U. School in Queen's Gardens, London

As we drove on, we passed a basket-maker's shop. It was very picturesque. It was a farm, and on the shed facing the road, all sorts of things were hanging. We went in, and saw the man making a chair. We bought one chair, and a waste-paper basket. The chair was posted, but we took the waste-paper basket with us, in the car.

At about ten o'clock, we arrived at Wells. We stopped the car at the side of the road, and went to look at the Cathedral.

Wells Cathedral is entirely different from either Salisbury, or Lincoln, or Canterbury, which are the only other cathedrals I have seen. It was not quite ten o'clock, so we went inside to see the clock strike ten. First a man on the wall kicks his foot against a gong, which strikes ten. Then the figures on horse-back above the clock, go round and have a combat, and at the end fall down.

We arrived at Bridgewater, where Daddy had a business appointment. Then Mummy rang up my Godmother in Bristol, and I was dropped there to stay on my way home.

THE MAN THAT COULD NOT STOP LAUGHING

by Joan Allison, aged 7
(Churcham County Primary
P.N.E.U. School)

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN, he was just like a ordinary man except for his face. His face was very funny he had a nose as long as a stick, he had eyes as big as plates, and a mouth that turned down at corners. One day some tricky boys thought of a trick, they would put some magic powder in his snuff. So one day as he was asleep they put some magic powder in his snuff. It happened that day this man had been very

grumpy, so grumpy that nobody went near him, even the cat, for he did not want a spanking, for you now what an angry old man is. Then he began to say to himself over and over again 'Oh dear oh dear it is going to rain, oh dear oh dear I must do something. I know, I will have some snuff I hope that will help me, oh dear oh dear.' So he went into his snuff room as he called it because in it there were lots of boxes round, square, small big, all over the place on shelves in cupboards on the mantelpiece, on the top of bookcases and in them in stead of books. He went and took some marked extra strong snuff he took some down and smelt it and he thought 'It smells rather funny I never though it smelt like this it may only be me, but I don't think it is, I think it is the snuff.' He saw his wife whith her new hat on and he began to laugh and laugh and his wife knew what he was laughing about for she went and got the rolling pin and gave him a jolly good whacking and still he laughed so she shouted at him. 'Stop laughing,' but he still laughed, so she shouted still louder 'Stop laughing I tell you' but he still laughed so she drove him out. He went out into the street and all the funny sights he saw made him laugh. I will tell you some of them he saw, people walking on their heads and women wearing men's clothes and men were wearing womans' clothes and boys wearing girls clothes and girls wearing boys clothes, shops were upside down and balacning on the point of the roof, some how people even walking on their heads into the shop on the ground. He went howling down the street. Just then a man with a walking stick and wacked him hard with his walking stick, and he howled and ran back home but, he never smelled that snuff again.